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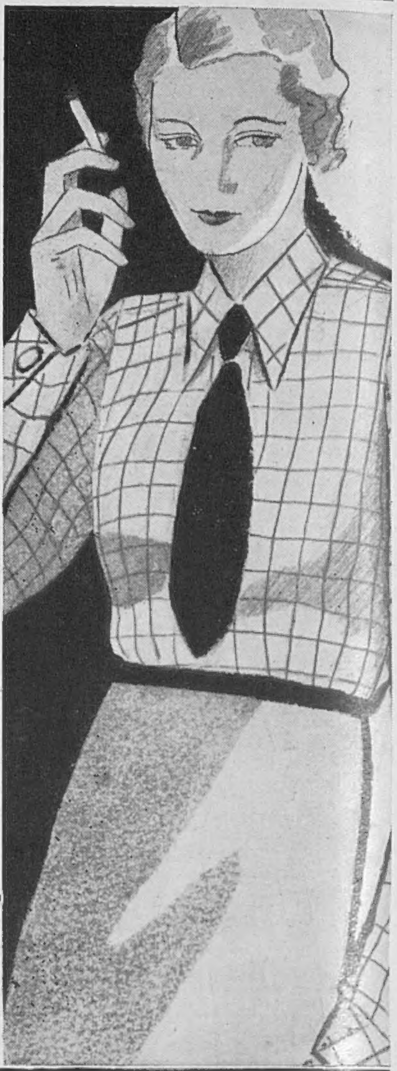

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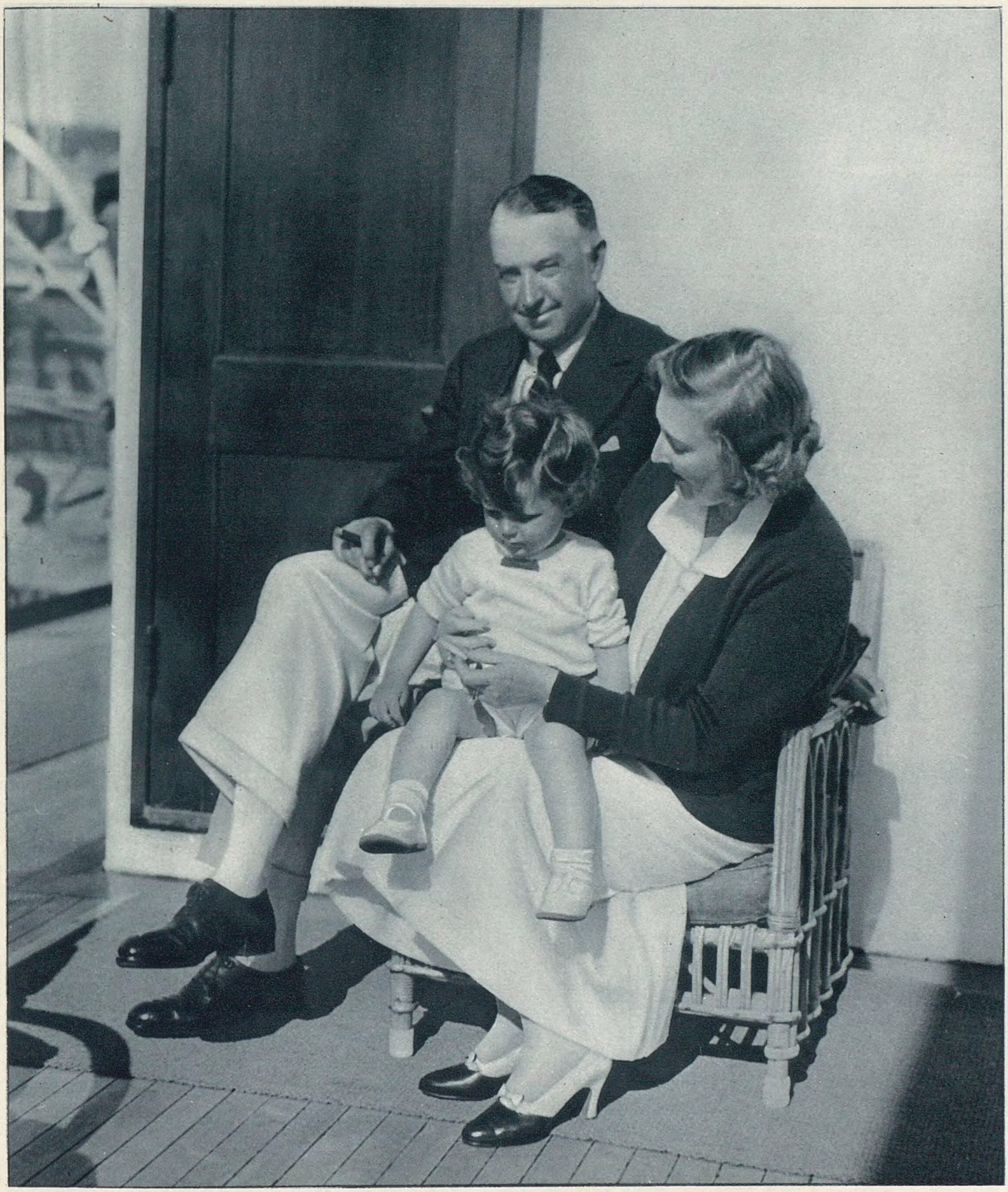
The Sketch

No. 2173.—Vol. CLXVII. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1934. ONE SHILLING.



"ENDEAVOUR'S"
HELMSMAN AND TIME-KEEPER —
AND TOM SOPWITH II.

All eyes and ears are on Newport, Rhode Island, and on Sopwith of the "Endeavour" and Vanderbilt of the "Rainbow." This picture shows Mr. and Mrs. T. O. M. Sopwith on their yacht "Vita," with their son and heir, Thomas the Second. Mrs. Sopwith is the time-keeper of "Endeavour." This is unique in the "America's" Cup races. Other women, notably Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, have sailed on challengers and defenders as passengers.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

INSECTS.

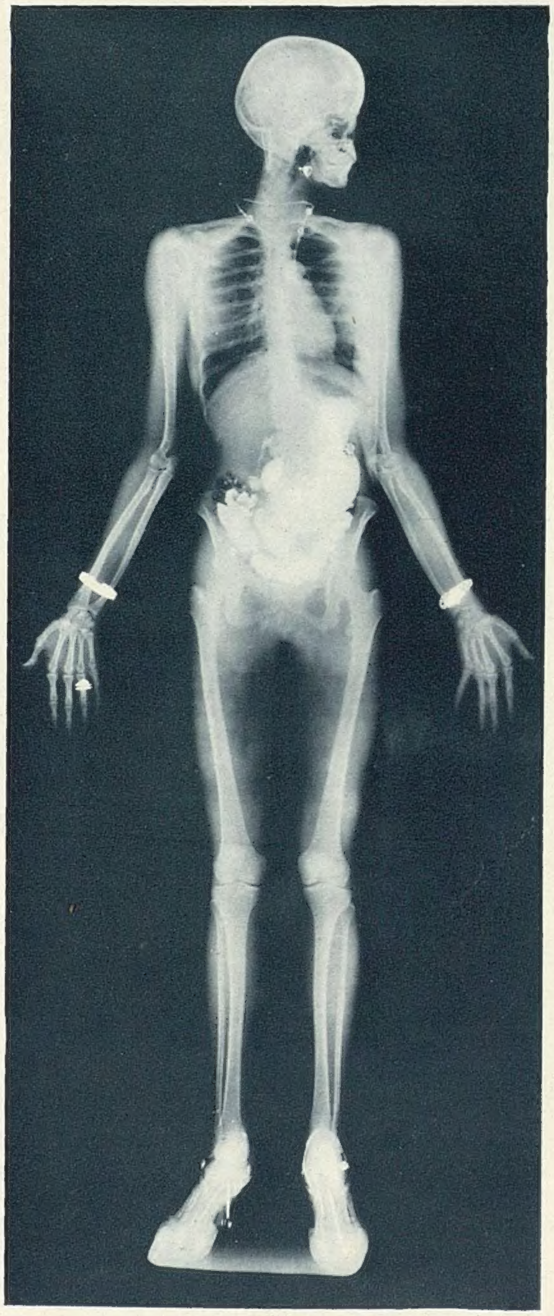
INSECTS are very powerful creatures, not to be trifled with. In tropical countries, for example, they are the real Kings of Beasts. You may defy lions and tigers, if you have a good eye and a good rifle; but if you attempt to defy (say) the tsetse-fly, you might just as well send your measurements to the undertaker. What was the cause of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire? Well, of course, there were various reasons: all those enervating Turkish baths, for example—very bad for the national character; and throwing Christians to the lions, and fiddling while Rome was burning—all that sort of thing, not to mention a number of distinctly tough guys on the throne—it was sure to lead to trouble in the end. But the theory has been seriously advanced that the thing which really undermined the Roman Empire was the mosquito. It came down on the Roman armies like the wolf on the fold, and malaria was a worse enemy than the Goths and Vandals. Right throughout history the mosquito has been one of the most implacable enemies of the human race. Never give a mosquito any quarter: dead mosquitoes tell no tales. And don't have any scruples about the common house-fly either. He is Public Enemy No. 2. People often have strong feelings about wasps, but wasps are little angels of mercy by comparison with house-flies.

It is appalling what insects will do if they are not firmly dealt with. They have been known to destroy whole industries. Less than a century ago they nearly ruined French wine, and the really finicky connoisseurs will tell you that claret has never been the same since the phylloxera worked its wicked will on the vineyards. The trouble with insects is that they think only of self. They pursue their mad course regardless of anybody else's convenience. Why, for example, must a family of moths choose my wedding-and-funeral cashmere trousers as the only place where they wish to spend their summer holidays? They could equally well have chosen that piece of old blanket in the garage, and I should have been the last to interfere; but no, they must have my cashmere trousers, and it is quite immaterial to them that when I take these garments out, after long retirement, for some special and urgent obsequies, they are punctured and perforated like a porous plaster. Why, again, must millions of green-fly settle on my roses? Can't they get nourishment from dandelions or plantains, which I would willingly spare them? As far as that goes, can't they settle on somebody else's roses? No, for a momentary gratification, they destroy the labour of years. Well, I hope some of them had a nasty attack of indigestion from that stuff I squirted on when they weren't looking!

My point—if you insist on my coming to it—is that insects are a very important element in life, always liable to cause complications. You will therefore not be surprised to hear that an insect of quite an obscure kind has recently been the occasion of a controversy in which a right reverend Bishop, the Postmaster-General, and a number of distinguished correspondents of the *Times* have been concerned. The public have been thoroughly roused: it has been astonishing to learn how many people took a passionate interest in insects. Had Parliament been in session, questions would undoubtedly have been asked of the Postmaster-General. It is even possible that the Government might have fallen.

The trouble arose because the Bishop, a life-long entomologist, received by post a caterpillar rather the worse for wear, in a small but battered box. The packet was accompanied by an official remonstrance from the Post Office. Now, said the Post Office, if this had been a bee or a leech, it might have been all very well; we have special arrangements for bees and leeches, which have long been known as Post Office Pets. But a caterpillar—no! Even if it had been a dead caterpillar we might have overlooked it, for, after all, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; but a live caterpillar is the thin end of the wedge; once that sort of thing begins, there is no knowing where it will end.

To the official mind, it meant nothing that the non-delivery of this insect might have robbed science of an epoch-making discovery. It meant something to the Bishop, however. His entomological soul aflame, he addressed the Post Office in tones of withering sarcasm. I am not sure whether anybody at the Post Office was actually withered: I rather suspect that somebody or other took a glance at the letter, marked it "Passed to you, please," deposited it in a wire basket, and went on with his cross-word: and probably that is all that would have happened if the insect-loving public had not joined in the hue and cry. There was a spate of correspondence, and the upshot seems to be that, if the Bishop and his friends care to make special arrangements with the Post Office, and obtain the necessary permission, they will be able to exchange lepidoptera to their hearts' content, if it amuses them. Which, for my part, I should not have considered unreasonable.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY FULLY DRESSED.—You might not think so at a first glance! But it is so. The reproduction is a small one of a life-size X-ray portrait of a fully-dressed girl, taken by Kodak and now on view at the 1934 Exhibition of Modern Industrial Photography, at 195, Piccadilly. The exposure time of the radiograph was one second. These life-size radiographs are expected to be very useful in diagnosis, and in studying defects of posture.

I thought that the many persons among my readers who wish to send each other postal packets of insects (other than bees or leeches) might like to know about this crisis between Church and State, and I have therefore called attention to it in this forum of public opinion. As a matter of fact, I do not understand why there should ever have been any difficulty, for, on page 43 of that fascinating bedside book, the "Post Office Guide," I read that: "Living animals can be accepted for express delivery, if confined in a suitable receptacle, and special arrangements may be made as to dogs."

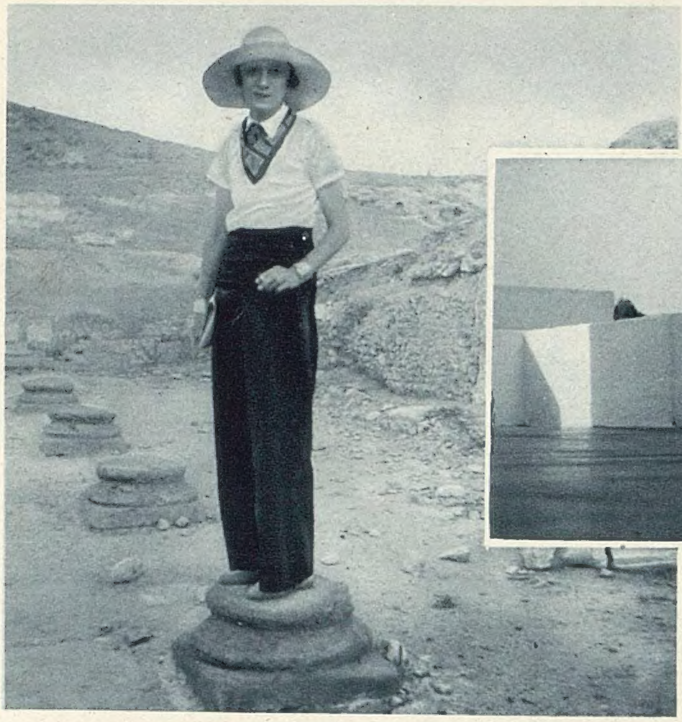
All that is necessary, therefore, if you wish to post a grub, is to find a suitable receptacle and send it by express delivery, at a small extra cost which no true grub-lover will grudge. As against that, however, I notice on page 31 that you cannot send a packet which, "in the opinion of the Postmaster-General, is likely to embarrass the officers of the Post Office in dealing with the packets in the post." I don't know whether a grub is as embarrassing to postal officials as it would be to me; but I should advise any of my readers who may be contemplating it not to post anybody a parcel, say, of snakes, or hornets, or centipedes. The narrow bureaucratic mind might regard these as a trifle embarrassing.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

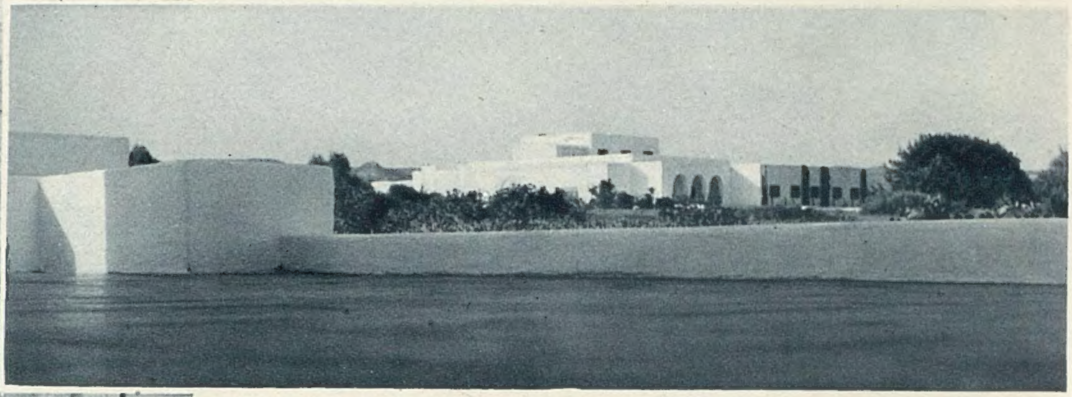
AN ANGLO-DUTCH CONVERSATION PIECE.

This is a very happy study of MRS. F. R. HOYER MILLAR AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER. Before her marriage she was Mlle. van Swinderen, and she is the daughter of the Netherlands Minister in London. Elizabeth Anne, her little girl, is a year old. Her god-parents are Mr. Ronald Campbell, Mr. Charles Glover, Lady Leconfield, Baroness Marie de Pallandt, and Lady Jean Rankin.

THE VILLAS OF HAMMAMET — PIONEERED BY THE SEBASTIANS.

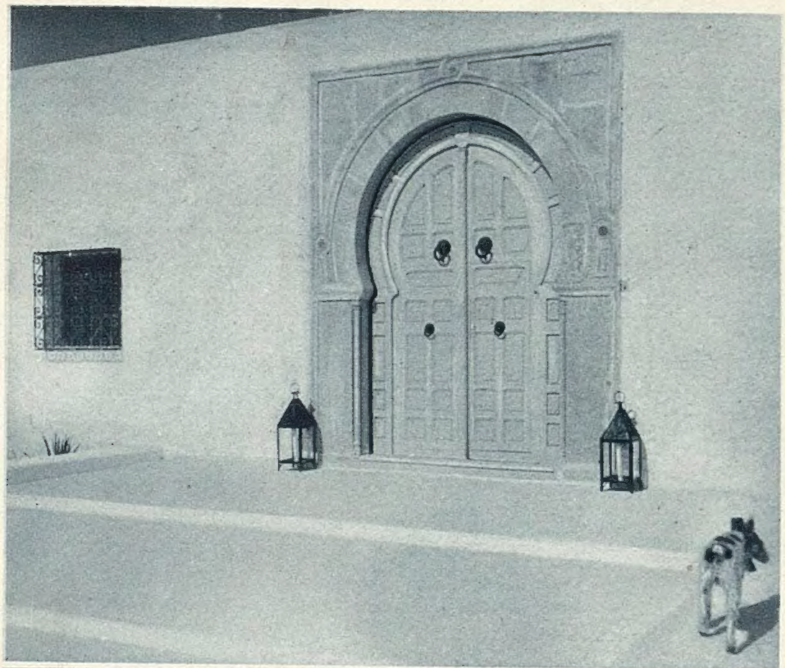


MRS. GEORGE SEBASTIAN, the American wife of a Rumanian, who lives at Hammamet, Tunis, is here seen at a picnic given in the ruins of the Temple at Aphrodisium.



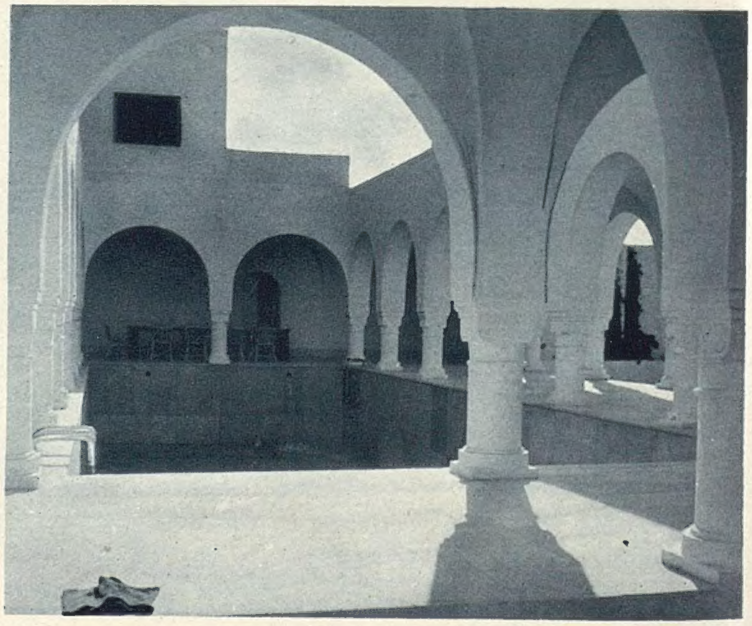
Mr. and Mrs. George Sebastian have built this Moorish-looking villa at Hammamet, North-West Africa, overlooking the sea. They entertain a lot there. They pioneered the little Moorish villa colony.

MR. GEORGE SEBASTIAN interviewing his very cheerful Arab head-gardener, whose hat, decorated with coloured pompons, is worthy of notice.



(Left) The front door of the Sebastians' house; with two of the lanterns which are handed to departing guests to light them down the steps to their cars—or, sometimes, donkeys!

MRS. HENSON on the loggia of her house at Hammamet, where she and her husband spend the greater part of the year. She is wearing the fashionable shorts.



The swimming-pool of the Sebastians' house at Hammamet in the process of being refilled. It is flood-lit in the evening, when dinner is taken at the black marble table at the far end.

CONCERNING PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS MARINA.

1

1. PRINCE GEORGE and PRINCESS MARINA on the platform at the Gare de l'Est, Paris, on their arrival from Munich.

2. PRINCESS MARINA crowned with flowers given to her at Bled by the peasants, and Prince George with his bouquet.

3. PRINCESS MARINA is here seen on the balcony of Mme. Ralli's house in Paris. She is an old friend of Princess Marina's, and she and Prince George lunched with her. Princess Marina arranged to spend a few days in Paris, to do some shopping there before leaving for England, to which Prince George flew on Wednesday, the 12th.

4. This drawing of PRINCESS OLGA OF GREECE was done by her sister, PRINCESS MARINA, who is a most gifted amateur. She has inherited this talent from her father, Prince Nicholas. While staying at Belgrade, she drew portraits of many of the Court ladies and the wives of the Ministers and diplomatists.

2

3

4

TALK AND TWEEDS AT DONCASTER BLOODSTOCK SALES AND RACES.

1. *A snap of LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG with COUNT DE PERIGNY.*
2. *MRS. COOKSON and MRS. DAVEY attended the meeting in classically cut tweeds.*
3. *Shooting-sticks in evidence at a conference between LADY MAUREEN STANLEY (front), LADY MARY HOPE, and LORD ROSEBERY.*
4. *The HON. CHRISTOPHER BECKETT, with LADY VIOLA MARY DUNDAS, eldest daughter of Lord Zetland.*
5. *MR. J. V. RANK and the HON. MRS. E. GREENALL, with MR. and MRS. FIELDING.*
6. *LADY KATHARINE HOWARD (left), younger daughter of the Duchess of Norfolk, with MISS G. GRANT-LAWSON.*
7. *A family group, including LORD DURHAM, the HON. MRS. LAMBTON, MR. E. LAMBTON, and LADY DURHAM.*
8. *CAPTAIN and LADY MOYRA FITZGERALD. Lady Moyra is Lord Portarlington's sister.*

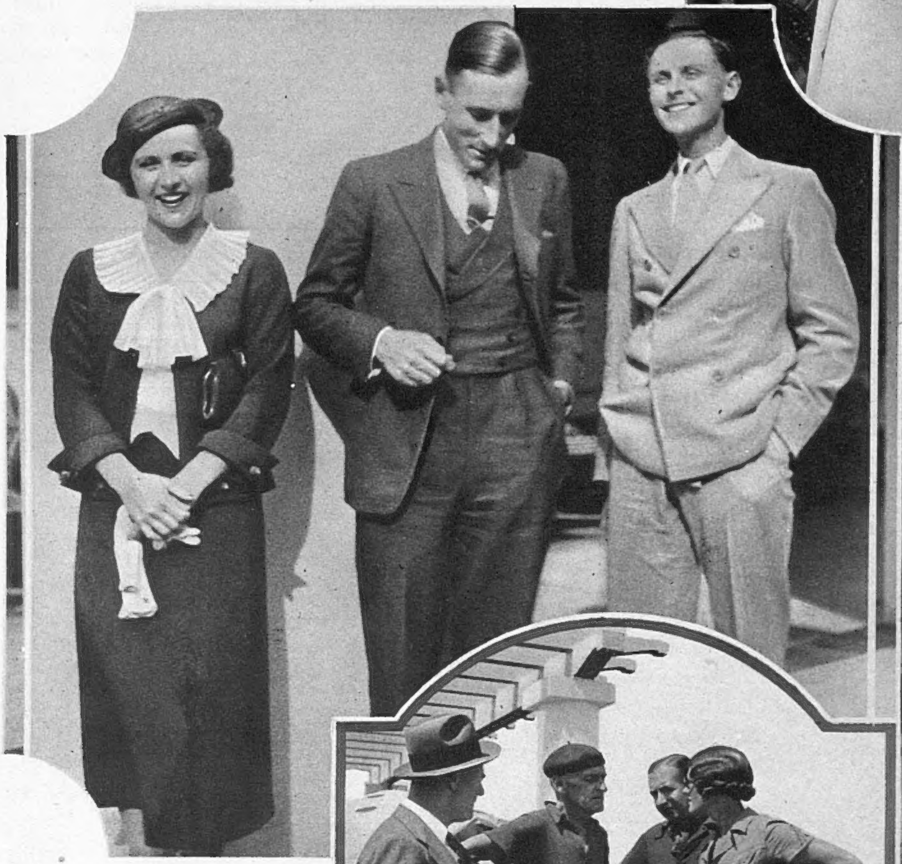
9. *A confabulation between* LORD CARNARVON *(left),* MRS. EUAN WALLACE, *and* CAPTAIN *the* HON. LIONEL MONTAGU.
10. LADY NUNBURNHOLME *and* CAPTAIN KELLETT.
11. MR. *and* MRS. J. V. RANK *in consultation. Each owns some pretty good horses.*
12. *A serious moment between* LORD BEATTY *and his sister-in-law,* MRS. "VANDY" BEATTY, *wife of the popular trainer.*
13. *The joke: A sequel-picture of* MRS. "VANDY" BEATTY *and* LORD BEATTY.
14. MRS. PATRICK DENNIS *and* MRS. "BOY" WILSON *at a point of 'vantage.*
15. *Four good-looking people:- The* HON. J. F. ALLSOPP, MRS. RUPERT HARDY, MR. T. WELDON, *and* LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM.

DONCASTER Bloodstock Sales and Races are always a good draw for owners in search of new blood. This year they have been extremely well attended, and on the first two days the prices realised a grand total of 129,375 guineas, as against 73,285 guineas last year—a hopeful augury, showing the upgrade of the market! On that occasion, the best price for a yearling since 1929 was paid by Mr. H. Rich for a filly by Fairway—Oswyn, for which he gave 9100 guineas. All the big owners and trainers were busy.

MIXED ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

Parking their car outside the Casino at Biarritz for some fun and games before dinner are MR. and MRS. PETER KOCH DE GOOREYND and MISS CLAIRE ELWES, who is the lovely sister of SIMON ELWES, the portrait-painter, and a daughter of Lady Winifred Elwes.



PRINCESS AUGUSTA OF HESSE, MR. THURSBY, and PRINCE RICHARD OF HESSE at Brides-les-Bains, where they went to lunch with Mrs. Charles Cartwright.

Four chatting by the Chambre d'Amour, Biarritz. On the left is MR. W. H. GULL, who owns racehorses and is a popular pillar of the Stock Exchange. Then we have COLONEL TOM HARKER, with CAPTAIN ERNEST GRESHAM (wearing a monocle), and MRS. SYDNEY WATSON.

Outside the Hôtel du Palais, Biarritz, stands MME. HENRI LILLAZ, wife of the Député for the Basses-Pyrénées, who is the new "King" of Biarritz, as he bought the Casino and the Hôtel du Palais last year. She is very nice and always charmingly dressed. The dachshunds are charming too, and are popular pets at this resort.

ON our last day at Biarritz, Philip Hill, financier, Mme. Revel, Parisian beauty, and Nina Pearson (Mrs. Leviton), American beauty, crossed the Miramar hall. Lord Sefton, outside the Bar Basque, had his gentle weather-eye on a storm. Lady Ribblesdale played bridge, and Lady Mary Lygon ate ginger-snaps at Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes' house, which was once more standing, an outside wall having been blown down by a zephyr two days before. The youngest and most carefully-brought-up *jeunes filles* regretted with clamour that a bull-fight at San Sebastian was cancelled by rain. They adore every detail of this death in the afternoon. Taking leave of many charming people, we folded our mackintosh and shared a train with the Elwes quartette.

The Ritz, côté Vendôme, was crowded, including several Maharajahs, Mr. McAdoo, American politician; Mrs. Glasgow, again at the best table; Woolworth Donahue with Wendy Barrie, and all those small dogs who have been absent for two months taking cures for obesity. John Jay Ide, eminently eligible American bachelor, was, as usual, with his mother. Frank Burke Roche, eminently eligible American bachelor, was, as usual, at his bank, cashing cheques. His niece, Cynthia Mary, the Queen's youngest goddaughter, is twin brother ("Maurice") Fermoy's firstborn.

Tyrolean hats in hard double felts, with double brims, were the youngest of many conflicting shapes. Their high crowns, pinched into two or three little bumps, have silk cord at the base, and perhaps a minute tassel at the summit, as sole *garniture*. Advice to the thrifty—find that picturesque bonnet bought at Kitzbühel last January, and adjust. After lunching lengthily it's time for the 2.45 bus to Le Bourget. This particular Heracles lands at Berck *en route* for Croydon. By the time Le Touquet passengers had climbed in she was *complet*, and stewards were serving teas (memo for Imperial Airways: carry China as well as Empire blends), with Nippy-like speed, above the Channel. This was our first trip with the famous bearded pilot, Captain Jones, who looks like an early Buchan hero,

and is one of the most romantic figures in the air-world, because to fly hundreds of people for hundreds of hours with absolute safety is the essence of romance. Coming to earth, we note that the Customs are still the essence of comedy. Thelma Lady Furness had only a dressing-bag and jewel-case, but a bottle of scent was routed from the folds of her night-gown. Picture the official's disappointment when, held to the light, it proved almost empty. Being only human, he wrote his initials on her jewel-case with that indelible brand of chalk exclusive to *douaniers*, and, giving her Ladyship a smile nearly as sudden as her own, said: "I hope you 'll be able to get this off."

When a man gets back he goes to his club, or whichever club his has temporarily invaded, and enquires if Jones has returned from the Baltic, Balearic Isles, or Bournemouth. When a woman gets back she goes to a hairdresser's in Dover Street, and enquires if Mrs. Jones is back from Vancouver, Villa d'Este, or Vichy (the Joneses believe in very separate holidays), before throwing her head back to be washed in one of those painful receptacles designed to avoid wetting the neck. We were in this unhappy and ludicrous position when Mrs. de Winton Wills told a tale about Cannes. This was unkind, because to laugh during a shampoo is agony. She isn't going to Scotland till Perth Races, as "Edward 's working." Few wives are so altruistic. Unless, of course, they happen to dislike Scotland more than a deserted London. Lady Burney's golden waves were being blown by the drier opposite. Mrs. Beryl Mills was patting her head critically. Our favourite manicurist, who in private life is a niece of Charlie Chaplin and spends her holidays with the Sydney Chaplins, has become even more important since the royal engagement, as at various times she has attended Princess Marina and sisters. "They all have the loveliest speaking-voices I've ever heard," is her ecstatic comment.

In spite of the proverbial "desert," brother restaurants in Bury and Jermyn Streets are packed for lunch. We ate half our meal in each. Mrs. Starling (Vivian Wagg that was), wearing a well-swung cape, lunched her bridesmaid, beautiful Ulrica Thynne, before sailing for India again with soldier-husband. Mrs. Terence Shone, very Nordic with bleached bob and rosy sunburn, had foreigners in tow. Far more Americans than last year, was the obvious verdict. "Far more English than ever before," was the verdict of Mrs. Jack Bergh on Norway, where she spent the summer. It seems the whole Baltic, including Sweden, Finland, and Denmark, was alive with tourists, who enjoyed the favourable exchange as much as the famous scenery. It rained a great deal in August, but where didn't it rain in August? In Venice we were disillusioned by five thunderstorms in four days. In 60° latitude, Swedes and Norwegians are now living side by side in amity.

Along at L'Apéritif, Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt was with Lady Milford Haven, and Lady Ashley with a party. She reappeared for supper on the balcony of the Café de Paris with Camillo Aldao, who 's something to do with the Monte Carlo Midnight Follies. In unrelieved black, with shining hair, she wistfully applauded the Jesters, who give an authentic imitation of the Yacht Club Boys (due end of month), and numerous turns based on other turns. Their one original excursion debunks the opera "Faust," and, though Aunt Amelia might find it indelicate, she would certainly see the fun, as did the Editor whose intelligent nose recalls William Pitt. Mr. Lionel and Lady Hélène Berry danced nicely together, she wearing a wide hem of dark material on a swirling skirted dress. The George Heneages were celebrating their departure for Ayrshire, both looking plump and pleased. Jack Harris was celebrating his return from New York by playing ye olde numbers known in wireless programmes as *pot-pourri*. The "King of Berlin" dined unnoticed. His twenty-four hour visit to England was overlooked by the Press—a missed scoop indeed. Though he understands English perfectly and speaks adequately when once launched in conversation, the broad face became a mask during cabaret quips at a certain Adolphe.

Among those who appreciated the perfect Hungarian band during dinner was Captain Jumbo Joliffe. Known as Columbus's Tzigane Orchestra, it is the best aid to digestion in London, just as "Seven from Tokay," at the Savoy, is the liveliest dancing act. As heady as Tyrolean beer drunk at Tyrolean heights are these picturesque and naïve tumblers, who enjoy themselves so much it breaks their hearts to leave the stage. In the audience was Captain Richard Norton, with monocle, in a four including pretty Patsy Crawshay and John Finlay, who wore a flannel shirt—cream, not black. We wonder if Santarelli is ever called upon to decide whether clients are wearing the required evening dress or not. Rosemary Balfour and Alec Mitchell, whose wedding will be Edinburgh's biggest next month, danced. Captain Hylton Philipson dined. Mrs. Mills wore a train—legacy of summer. No new models appeared from Paris or Shaftesbury Avenue, but Mrs. Roger Peake (Nancy Pritchard) looked nice. When the Cooper play finished opening, there was actually a wait for tables.

In contrast, the country clubs have seldom been emptier or more agreeable. At Ranelagh, Sir Harry Lyons was sitting by the pool in the bathing dress he wore to sit by the Mediterranean. He 's never been seen in the act of bathing. Beside him sat his wife, fully and becomingly clothed. Nothing 's lovelier than Ranelagh when rare figures fail to disturb the pattern of terrace in relation to old house and older trees. You 're reminded that once it had a private life, belonging for a time to the late Lady Aberconway's father. Looking well after a sailing holiday, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Roberts contemplated the lawns.

The Beauty Queens, including MISS EUROPE (MISS ESTER TOIVONEN, of Finland) appeared in their national costumes when they were entertained in London after the judging. From left to right are MISS DENMARK, MISS ENGLAND, MISS HOLLAND MISS ITALY, MISS RUMANIA, MISS NORWAY, MISS EUROPE, MISS POLAND, MISS HUNGARY, MISS RUSSIA, MISS SPAIN, and MISS SIBERIA.

MISS PEGGY GORDON-MOORE at Aix-les-Bains, where she and her parents distinguished themselves by NOT taking any kind of cure.

"SUMMER MORNING."—By Ismay Taylor.

"SOUL OF THE DANCE."—By H. F. Kells.

"ARIADNE."—By Yvonne Gregory.

"THE SILVER DISH."—By Rosalind Maingot.

AT THE LONDON SALON.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 5A, PALL MALL EAST. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)

AT THE LONDON SALON. "ANNA MAY WONG."—By J. Capstack.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWN AT THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

FROM the results recorded so far this season, 1934 will not be written down as a particularly successful year for tunny-fishing. The tunny appear to be distributed over too wide an area, and most of the tunny captured have been caught over twenty miles from Scarborough. The last three brought in by Colonel E. T. Peel, on Aug. 31, were hooked sixty-five miles out and weighed 678 lb., 646 lb., and 577 lb. His biggest fish, 812 lb., which is a record for the British Tunny Club, was caught a few days earlier with two others twenty-five miles out. On Sept. 1 Dr. Maris had a tunny of 702 lb. forty miles out, and Lady Broughton and Colonel Ashton landed four from 474 lb. to 633 lb., all taken eighty-six miles from land. As was the case last year, the big yachts are scoring over the open cobles, which can only go out about twenty—or, at most, thirty—miles in safety.

Championship Match of England.

No event causes a greater stir among the ranks of anglers who fish for coarse fish than the All-England Championship match. This year—for the first time for a great many years—it is to be fished in the Thames. The decision to fish the match at Abingdon-on-Thames was made at the annual meeting of the National Federation of Anglers, held in London some months ago. It was undoubtedly a friendly gesture of the Midland and North of England anglers in response to the hospitality shown to them by their hosts, the London anglers. Not only did it mean that the majority of teams competing would have to travel greater distances than if the venue chosen had been more central, but it also signified their willingness to set aside the firm conviction of many of the associations respecting the conditions under which the match will be fished. At Abingdon on Sept. 22 the match will be fished to Thames standard—that is to say that no fish under the limit fixed by the Thames Conservancy may be weighed in. Most of the Championship matches have been fished on the "all-in" principle, when every fish is kept alive and weighed in. The London anglers have always handicapped themselves by rigidly maintaining their principle of fishing to a size-limit, and this will be the first time for many years that they will compete on level terms. This, and the advantage of fishing home waters, should place them in the running for the Championship. Last year the Championship was held on the River Great Ouse, at Olney, Bucks. Forty-eight teams from all parts of England competed, and Sheffield were the winners, with a total catch of 33 lb. 6 oz. Doncaster came second and Lincoln third. Each team consists of twelve anglers chosen for their skill in match-fishing, or as the winners of eliminating contests.

This BASS, weighing 9 lb. 4½ oz., is a record for Ryde Pier. It was caught by Mr. W. Russell on August 24, and was the first bass he had ever caught. The bait used was a small green wrasse.

Autumn Salmon-Fishing.

It is dangerous to attempt to generalise the results of a salmon-fishing season until the actual figures are available. Unfortunately, these figures are practically unobtainable until the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries issues its belated report a year or more after the season has ended. I say "practically unobtainable" because I have in mind the formidable task of collecting all the reports issued by individual fishery boards in England and Wales. The Scottish Fishery Board is more prompt in publishing statistics, and I wish the National Association of Fishery Boards in this country would forestall our Ministry by giving a summary of the season's results.

SALMON LEAPING at Philiphaugh Cauld, on the River Ettrick, near Selkirk. This is a tributary of the River Tweed, which is famous as a salmon-fishing river.

Without much risk of being contradicted, I can say that the spring salmon-fishing season 1934 was moderate. It started well and finished badly, owing to the drought, which entirely ruined the summer season on most rivers. The autumn season has started fairly well in Scotland, and, as the experts are optimistic regarding a good run of fish, given suitable conditions, there is no reason for pessimism. An autumn fish cannot be compared with a spring fish, neither can the price of beats in the spring and autumn be compared. The angler who can just afford a beat or a rod on a salmon river in autumn will not grumble if he gets a few red fish, and even one or two ripe for spawning, for he is spared the kelt pest, which often spoils the early fishing. There are some who object to autumn fishing, on the ground that damage is done to the future stock of the river by killing gravid fish. Personally, I favour the view that autumn fish are of little value and are definitely harmful on the spawning-beds, as they destroy the ova of the spring fish. Anyone wishing to find out the prices of autumn beats on Scottish salmon rivers should study a most useful article by Mr. P. D. Malloch in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* of Aug. 3, 1934.

MR. J. JORDANOPULO, manager of the Bank of Athens in London, caught this large conger at Looe. It was officially weighed and turned the scale at 68 lb. Its length was 6 ft. 9 in. over all, and its girth was 24 in. On the right of the fish is Mr. Alfred Hoskin, boatman and old friend of Mr. Jordanopulo, whose knowledge of the waters and special "marks" made it possible to hunt this fellow out of its lair, and whose successful gaffing contributed in no small manner to its successful landing.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

An operator from the Gaumont Film Company has been out on one of the big yachts off Scarborough to take a film of tunny-fishing.

Mr. N. Leslie made a record for his club—the Boscombe and Southbourne Sea-Fishing Club—when he landed five bass weighing 31 lb. 15¼ oz. The three heaviest were 9 lb. 15 oz., 7 lb. 9½ oz., and 6 lb. 8½ oz. respectively, and this fine bag was made from the beach at Hengistbury Head.

Thirteen barbel weighing 10 lb. and over, and many of 6 lb. and 7 lb., have been caught at Goring by Mr. Osborn. All were returned to the water except one of 10 lb. 7 oz.—R. L. MARSTON.

PETERSEN—VERY MUCH AT HOME!

JACK PETERSEN showing his form to a young pupil at his father's gymnasium at Cardiff, while "Pa" looks on.

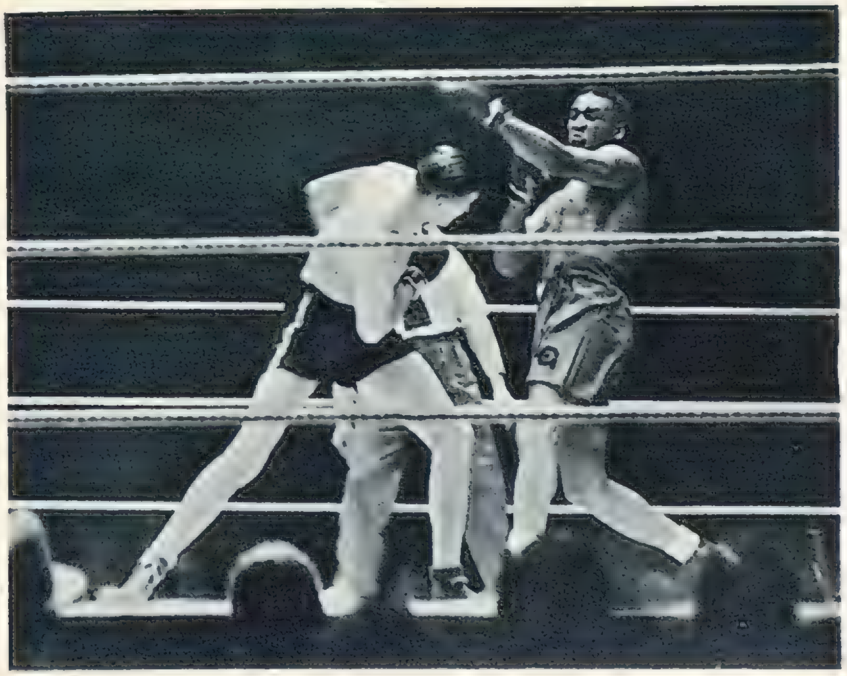
JACK PETERSEN, the British Heavy-weight Champion, defended his Empire title successfully at the White City Stadium last week when he fought Larry Gains. The coloured Canadian boxer fought gamely for the honour he once held, and in the early part of the contest he scored most of the points. Petersen was forced to play a waiting game. In the thirteenth round Gains tired, and his seconds threw a towel into the ring as a sign of defeat. The fight drew a "gate" of 64,000 people to the Stadium. Our photographs show Petersen at his home at Barry, Glamorgan.

In the garden of his home at Barry, Glamorgan; with Rex, his cocker-spaniel.

"Two spit deep." The champion does a bit of digging.

"Road work" during training at Barry.

With his pet, Rex, again.



During the fight at the White City, PETERSEN ducks from a left from LARRY GAINS.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MR. CYRIL TOLLEY—FOR FINDING A NEW "GREEN" BY PLAYING TOURNAMENT TENNIS AT EASTBOURNE.

MR. M. H. BENSON—FOR LEADING IN THE BEST THREE-YEAR-OLD OF THE YEAR; WINDSOR LAD, WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER.

MR. F. J. PERRY—FOR BEING THE FIRST LAWN TENNIS PLAYER TO WIN THE WIMBLEDON, AMERICAN, AND AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS IN ONE YEAR.

MR. CYRIL TOLLEY played in the South of England Lawn Tennis Championships at Eastbourne last week. He did not get beyond the first round in the Singles, when he was beaten by Mr. Sutton: 7—5, 5—6, 6—3.

MR. M. H. BENSON was in luck—and in sound judgment—when he gave the Maharaja of Rajpipla £50,000 for Windsor Lad after it had won this year's Derby. The horse won the St. Leger by two lengths and equalled the Coronach record for the race—3 minutes $1\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. It may be taken that he is now worth an extra £20,000 or so.

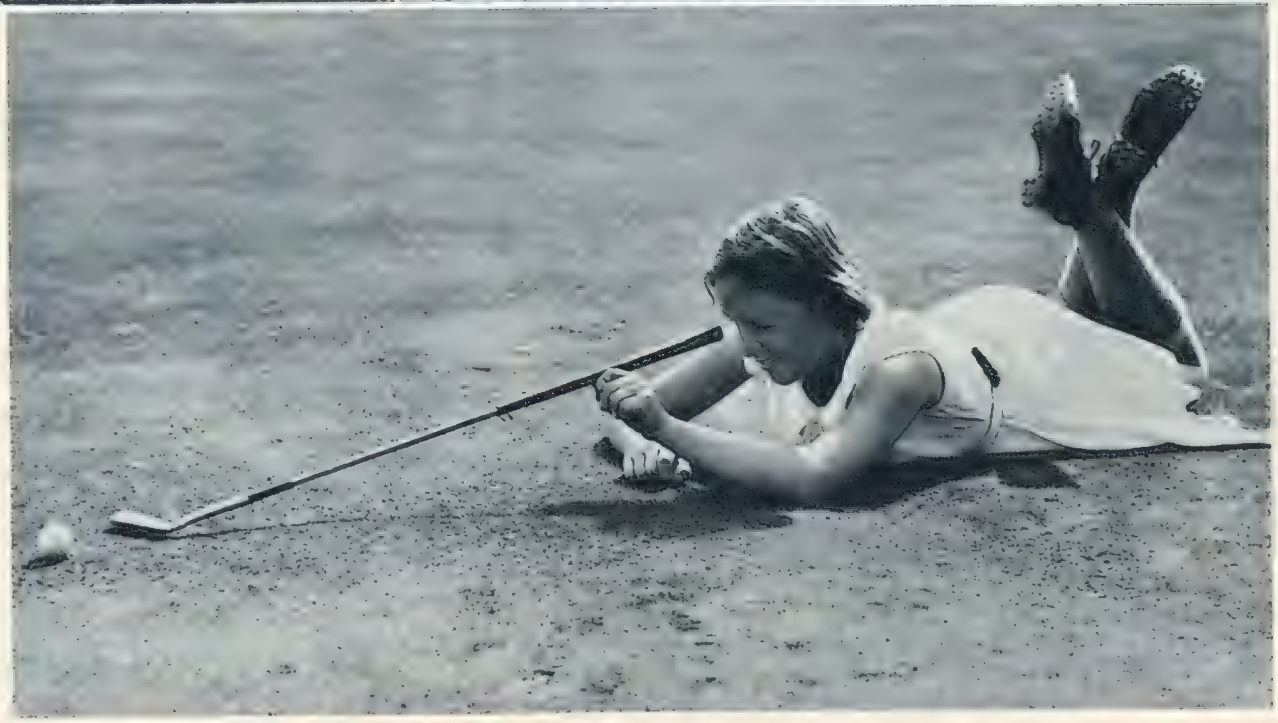
BY retaining the American lawn tennis championship—beating Mr. Wilmer Allison at Forest Hills—MR. F. J. PERRY became the only man who has gained the Wimbledon, American, and Australian titles in one year. H. L. Doherty and William T. Tilden each won the Wimbledon and American Championships in a single year.

MR. JOHN LAVER—FOR BEING "SUSTAINED" IN THE AIR FOR 12 HOURS 21 MINUTES BY THREE TOMATOES, A SANDWICH, *AND* A SAILPLANE.

MR. JOHN LAVER, of the Dorset Flying Club, whose "Dorslings" sailplane he used, won the Volk Cup for a glider duration flight at the British Gliding Association's meeting at Sutton Bank. He remained in the air for 12 hours 21 minutes, thus shattering the previous British gliding record—7 hours 22 minutes. The only sustenance he had during his flight consisted of three tomatoes and a sandwich, carried in a field-glass case. He is a Weymouth Post Office telegraph inspector.

MISS DAPHNE COURTNEY is appearing in the Gainsborough picture "Oh, Daddy!", which stars Mr. Leslie Henson and Miss Frances Day. It will be noticed that she is a reader of our sister-paper, "The Illustrated London News."

MISS DAPHNE COURTNEY—FOR HER PERFECT PRESENTATION OF *DOLCE FAR NIENTE.*



Miss Nancy Jupp, of Longniddry—aged 13 years, 9 months—is, we need hardly point out, the new "wonder child" golfer, thanks to her astonishing play in the Girls' Golf Championship at Stoke Poges, organised by the "Bystander." Her "notices" have been remarkable. The "Times," for instance, wrote of her "splendid golf"; while the "Daily Telegraph" said: "She has the most perfect swing imaginable—full and true—hits with vigour and determination," and wrote further of her: "This extraordinary little player with the true Scottish swing did things that many grown-up men and women golfers would give their ears to achieve." She began to play when she was six, using one club. In the final she beat the eighteen-year-old Miss Joan Montford, of the North Foreland Club, Broadstairs, by three and one.

NANCY JUPP — "WONDER CHILD" GOLFER.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

MISS SYBIL HARE walking round the paddock during the Doncaster Sales.

WHAT a wonderful Doncaster meeting! "Warm" describes the first day, but "hot" is not strong enough for St. Leger Day, which was considered by a famous racing man to be the most perfect within his memory. It really was quite an effort to walk from the stands to the paddocks, the sun was so merciless. Men mopped their brows; women powdered their faces continually lest their noses should shine with the heat, and off went all the coats that could possibly be discarded. It really was lovely there; the lawns were a bit parched, but the brilliant weather put everyone into a good temper.

Lots and lots of young girls were there. I suppose we must get used to seeing Lady Anne and Lady Peggy Cavendish-Bentinck and Lady Ursula Manners and her sister, Lady Isobel, everywhere now, especially at social events near their own homes, but it is difficult to realise that they are grown up. All four of them looked most attractive and quite delightfully youthful in their little crêpe summery frocks. Miss Ruth Primrose was also there, walking with the Duke of Roxburghe. She had been at his birthday celebrations at Floors Castle. Then there was Prudence Lane-Fox, who has such unusually short curly fair hair, on the top of which sat a black velvet jockey-cap for Leger Day. The brightest spot in the private stand was Lady Sybil Grant, who has real red hair, a rare and lovely shade; to emphasize its colour she wore a whole suit of exactly the same shade, and even the tuft of ribbon in her hat matched it exactly.

MRS. ARTHUR FITZGERALD and MRS. PETER FITZGERALD at Doncaster.

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It was amusing to see how women put their bets on their favourites from the lawns. Lady Carisbrooke, I noticed, favours the one and only lady "bookie," Mrs. Vernet. Lady Somerleyton had a long consultation with her "bookie" (a man!) before she placed her bet; and Lady Rosebery went up to one, had a talk with him, and did not bet at all. She was very interested in the parade before the St. Leger, and dashed into the paddock with Mrs. James de Rothschild to find a good point on the raised steps from which to watch the horses' arrival.

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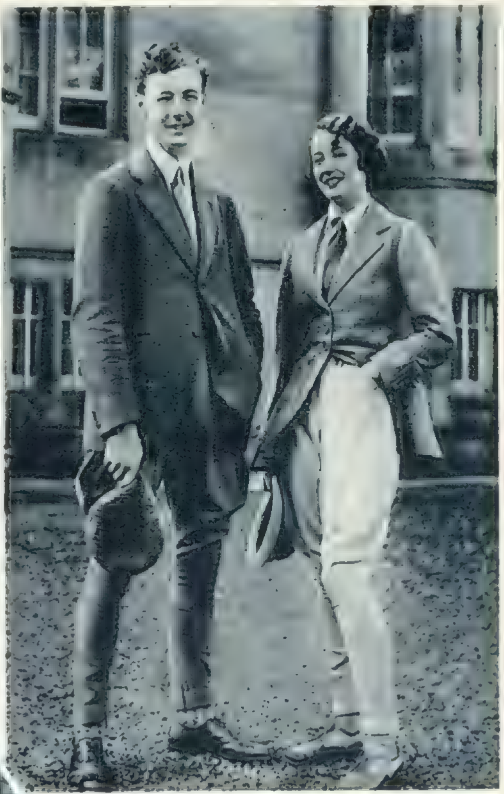
Lady Burton gave away a secret longing she had at Doncaster. Before the Stewards' "holy of holies," where the jockeys are weighed in, a semicircle is railed off. Only the very few can enter. A woman, who certainly could not have been a regular racegoer or she would not have done it, took a short cut from one entrance to another through this sacred territory, in full view of the Stewards. "How I envy her courage!" was Lady Burton's comment. "I 've always longed to do that and never dared." I expected to see the woman who had trespassed followed and arrested, but nothing happened.

Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, who wears a Rembrandt béret so well, was explaining to friends that she and Sir Brograve Beauchamp had changed their plans and were shortly off to Portugal. Tall Lord Halifax had his lovely daughter, Anne Wood, with him; he also took Lady Titchfield with him (she had come over from Welbeck) down to the stables to see the "gees." Lady Beaumont and Lady Allendale brought their young sons with them, as did Mrs. George Lambton. Lord Londonderry arrived without a badge or pass for his stand, and the man at the gate did not recognise him and refused to let him in. He seemed doubtful even when Lord Londonderry gave his name. Lord Londonderry then suggested fetching the Mayor, but fortunately an official came along and put things right. It was, however, somewhat humorous to think of the Mayor of Doncaster being called up to vouch for the identity of the Minister for Air!



MR. LENNOX LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH, Royal Artillery, and his charming bride (formerly Miss Pamela Vandeleur), snapped before going for a ride through the Earl of Meath's beautiful estate, Kilruddery, Co. Wicklow, which has been lent them for their honeymoon.

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There were naturally great festivities for the coming-of-age of the Duke of Roxburghe at Floors Castle: bonfires were lit and the house was flood-lit in the evening, which gave that beautiful and romantic residence quite a fairy-like aspect. The house-party, which numbered about twenty guests, included uncles and aunts of the Duke, such as Lord and Lady Alistair Inner-Ker and Lady Evelyn Collins; and pretty girls like Lady Elizabeth Paget and her

MRS. O'BRIEN, MISS BRASSEY, MRS. HUBERT HARTIGAN, and MR. JOE SHEPHERD attend the Sales at Doncaster.

cousin, Lady Ursula Manners; Miss Lavinia Strutt, and Miss Ruth Primrose.

The garden-party was a particularly successful one. It had, of course, a magnificent setting, as Floors Castle has such fine grounds. The guests were received in the house by the young Duke and his mother, but went out on the terrace later on. There the drum-and-fife band of the Black Watch was marching up and down and playing. The Duchess looked particularly well that day in her mauve and white dress, with an enormous orchid pinned on one shoulder. She is an American, the daughter of the late Ogden Goelet, of Newport, U.S.A. Lord and Lady Ellesmere came with their son, Lord Brackley, and their two married daughters, Lady Jane Scrope, in black with a pretty blue hat; and Lady Susan Askew, very smart in black and white. Another outstanding "good-looker" was Miss Diana Lambton. Lord Home brought a daughter; and that wonderful octogenarian, Lord Joicey, who was also present, was heard to remark that he had shot twenty brace of grouse to his own gun the other day.

The wedding of MR. D. R. JARDINE, who captained the Ashes-winning M.C.C. team in Australia, 1932-33, and formerly captained Surrey, and MISS MARGARET IRENE PEAT, younger daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Peat, of Bushey, Herts, took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on September 14. Mr. Jardine is the only son of Mr. M. R. Jardine, the former Oxford and Middlesex cricketer.

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The Household Brigade Yacht Club at Warsash, Hampshire, which was only started about two years ago, is a great success, as there are so many what Ouida would have called "Guardees" keen on sailing. Life at the Club itself is very jolly and informal: for instance, a great big table is laid in the dining-room with hot and cold things, and everyone gets up and helps themselves. Another homey touch is that nearly all the men smoke pipes. This year an attractive cocktail-bar was added.

Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys and his wife are down there now, and will not be returning to their house in Bryanston Square till October, as they are having it altered and redecorated. Sir Weldon's idea of a real holiday is to get into oilskins and sail an old boat. He is looking for a yacht to charter for next season. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, who has travelled so much, is enjoying her real English holiday with him.

PRINCESS MARINA spent a busy afternoon in Paris choosing some of her hats in the Rue de la Paix.

LADY PATRICIA LATHAM, wife of Sir Paul Latham, M.P., and daughter of Kathleen Lady Drogheda, at the Scarborough Cricket Festival. Next her on the right is MRS. JOHNSTONE-SCOTT, who was also greatly interested in the cricket.

Elizabeth and Valerie Brooke are two very attractive girls who will be much missed from London. They are going to spend the winter at Sarawak, where their father is Rajah, but will return to this country in time for the season. Lady Inchcape, who is cruising abroad, may go out to stay with her parents later. She is the eldest daughter of the Rajah, Sir Harry Brooke, and married Lord Inchcape in 1933.

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Princess Marina's choice of a Kashmir sapphire for her engagement ring will probably make these stones even more fashionable. These sapphires are considered to be the best available. They are not quite so deep in hue as those coming from Australia, but from the jeweller's point of view the lighter blue of the Kashmir gem is the lovelier shade, and it further has the distinction of being the more expensive. Apropos of royal engagement rings, the Duchess of York had one of sapphires and diamonds, but the Princess Royal was original and chose emeralds and diamonds for hers. This did much to remove the idea that emeralds bring ill-luck.

During her stay in Paris, PRINCESS MARINA stopped to buy a bunch of flowers from a street seller.

Ex-King George of Greece, a cousin of Princess Marina, is delighted at her engagement to an English Prince. The ex-King spends most of his time here and is a popular visitor with country house-party hostesses. His social inclinations take him to many functions in London, but he likes even better small, intimate parties, and the more democratic the better!

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It is good news that at the time of writing the doctors think that Lady Lavery has taken a turn for the better and is making progress once more. Her illness started with the extraction of a wisdom tooth last November, and, except for a brief visit to Brighton about Easter time to recuperate, she has not been out of the house or bed. At Brighton she contracted influenza, and the drive back proved tiring for her strained heart. Lady Lavery is, however, a 100 per cent. courageous invalid and declines to be disheartened, and her bed-room looks less like a sick-room than a fascinating pink and white boudoir filled with masses of flowers.

MARIEGOLD.

AN OBAN "WHO'S WHO?":

1. *MISS ROSEMARY MAITLAND-MAKGILL-CRICHTON, one of the handsomest and most charming Scottish "debs" of the year, has a very flashing smile. She wears rosy tweeds with a red overcheck.*
2. *A group chatting at the Games: MRS. HENRY WILSON with MR. DONALD NICOLL and MR. HENRY WILSON. Mrs. Wilson, who wears a skirt of McLean tartan with a plain green tweed jacket, is a granddaughter of Sir Fitzroy McLean of Duart, the famous veteran chieftain.*
3. *MISS ANNE MACPHERSON-GRANT and MISS ELIZABETH VAUGHAN-LEE, whose dances in Aberdeenshire have been a feature of the Scottish Season.*
4. *COLONEL the HON. ARTHUR MURRAY and MISS ANASTASIA NOBLE, daughter of Sir John and Lady Noble of Ardkinglas.*
5. *MISS HELEN GREG, facing the audience rather than the Games, is sharing a joke with MAJOR ALAN MACGREGOR-WHITTON, Royal Scots Fusiliers, whose back is to the photographer.*
6. *MISS ROSEMARY CAMPBELL, the charming sub-débutante daughter of Captain and Mrs. Campbell of Dudhope. She wore dark blue.*
7. *A charming brother and sister. LORD MAITLAND and LADY SYLVIA MAITLAND.*

THE CLANS AT THE ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING.

8. *MISS HELEN LOW looking very attractive in a full-length check suit.*
9. *Two Oban pretties: MISS PAT GIBSON-WATT, who wore a delightful black, white, and royal blue checked outfit and a blue hat, with MISS DIANA LLOYD, of Minard, whose father was a steward.*
10. *LORD and LADY MASSEREENE AND FERRARD, wearing the Melville tartan. They brought a party of twenty-two to the Gathering.*
11. *MR. MALCOLM BRERETON with his fiancée, MISS MOLLY MOORE, and (right) MISS JESSICA MANN-THOMSON, whose new suit has the revived fashion of immense revers.*
12. *The GEORGE MALCOLMS talking to MR. ERNEST NELSON of Auchnacloich. Mr. Malcolm is the eldest son of Sir Ian Malcolm of Poltalloch.*
13. *MISS LUCY MARSHALL and MRS. ALAN CAMPBELL with MR. ALAN CAMPBELL of Auchendarroch. He is not this Mrs. Campbell's husband, but yet another Campbell of the same name.*
14. *MRS. O'MALLEY, whose "Peking Picnic" made a sensation and a small fortune for its author, writes as "Ann Bridge."*

AN CALA — AND THE PETER MURRAYS.

At the dining-room window with an ancient pair of spurs, MRS. MURRAY is demonstrating that when the larder is bare she puts them on her husband's plate as a hint for him to take out his gun. This has been a custom of the Murray family since Muckle Mou'd Meg started it with her husband, Sir Gideon Murray, many hundreds of years ago.

AN CALA is Colonel the Hon. Arthur (known as "Peter") Murray's home at Easedale, in Argyllshire. Since their marriage three years ago, the Colonel and his wife, who was Miss Faith Celli, the charming actress, have rebuilt the original 200-year-old cottage out of all recognition, and made a wonderful rock-garden overlooking the Atlantic and Iona, the island on which St. Columba landed.

(Right) COLONEL and MRS. MURRAY in the garden, where a Della Robbia plaque decorates the wall. With them is their favourite bull-terrier, which was given to Mrs. Murray by Sir Harry Preston, and is called "HAY PRESTO" for short, after the donor.

Mrs. Murray by the ornamental pool with the little statue the late Lord Grey of Fallodon gave her. She designed the whole garden and house without an architect. In the far distance is the Island of Luing.

Part of this attractive Highland home is a circular tower, made of elm weather-boarding from the South of England, which has just been completed. Mrs. Murray's bed-room is in this tower, and she was snapped while leaning from the window, which opens on to a wonderful view.

Mrs. Murray feeding her doves. She is wearing a skirt of Murray tartan and a jacket of natural dyed green tweed.

GRAN'POP ASKS: "WHERE'S GEORGE?"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD, F.Z.S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

ST. ANDREWS MEMORIES: GREAT PLA

In this picture Mr. Allan Stewart has arranged a meeting of some of the most celebrated golfing figures of the past at that most famous of golf links, St. Andrews. From left to right they are: F. G. Tait, Amateur Champion 1896 and 1898, whose death in the Boer War robbed the golfing world of one of its most charming personalities.—Old Tom Morris, three times Open Champion, green-keeper at St. Andrews, and probably the best-known golfing name in the world.—The Marquis of Montrose, 1628 (middle distance), a constant player on these links; many entries in his diary refer to the game.—Young Tom Morris (son of Old Tom), Open Champion in 1868, 1869, 1870, 1872; unbeatable till his death, in 1872.—A caddy, Bob Andrew (The Rook).—Allan Robertson, golf-ball maker and first professional golfer; considered by the older school as the greatest golfer who ever played.—Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair, who started the Union Club in 1835, gave the Royal and Ancient a local habitation. Previously it had held its meetings in one tavern or another.—

AFTER THE PAINTING BY

PLAYERS OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT.

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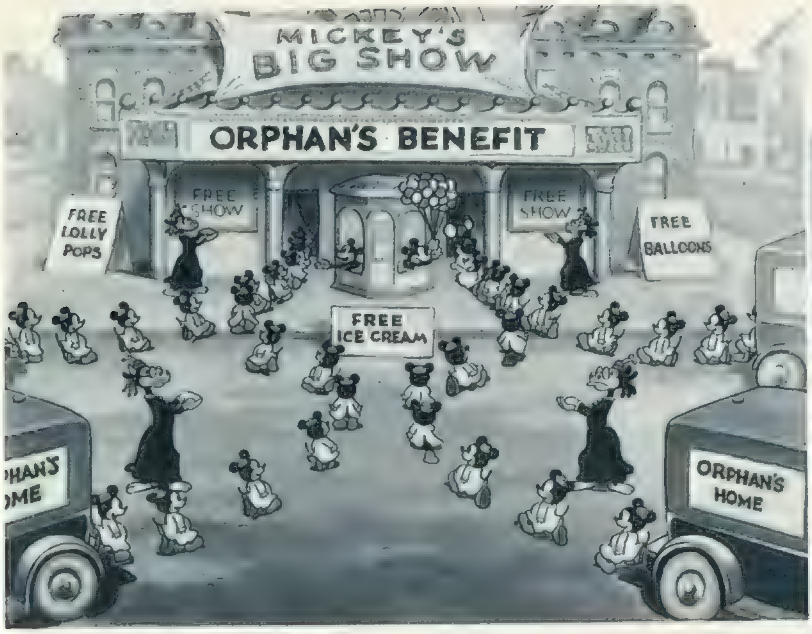
Admiral Maitland Dougal, who represented the R. and A. in the first inter-club competition in 1857.—St. Clair of Roslin (1700-1778); the last of the old line of St. Clair. Captain of the Hon. Company in 1761, and in 1771, he won the silver club of St. Andrews, equivalent to the present championship, at the ages of 64, 66, 68.—Sandy Pirie, club-maker and caddy.—"Daw," an old-time caddy.—Colonel Fairlie, Captain of Prestwick.—George Glennie, whose score for St. Andrews of 88, made in 1855, was unbeaten till 1884.—J. Whyte-Melville, of Mount Melville, "The Father of the Club." He joined in 1816, was Captain in 1823, and was offered the captaincy again in 1883. He died the same year, at the age of 86.—Leslie Balfour-Melville, Amateur Champion in 1895, and considered in his day the best amateur golfer in the country.—James Durham, of Largs, who made a record for the course in 1767, which was unbeaten till 1853.—Major Boothby, a frequent medal-winner at St. Andrews, Perth, etc.—Long Willie, an old-time caddy.

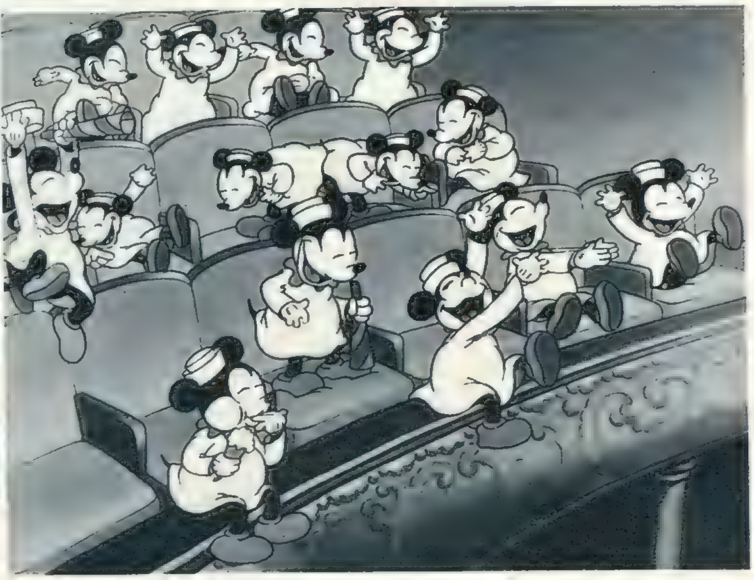
PAINTING BY ALLAN STEWART.

On His Majesty's Service

MICKEY'S "ORPHAN'S BENEFIT."

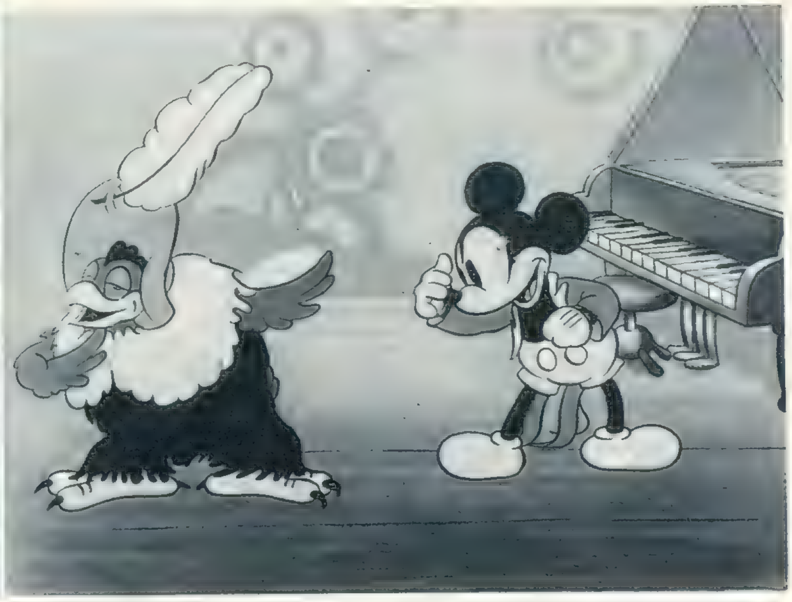


"Orphan's Benefit," is at the London Pavilion, where it precedes "Don Juan." The orphans enticed not only by the Big Show itself, but by the most alluring notice, "Free Ice Cream," pour into the theatre.



They form a most appreciative, though somewhat obstreperous, audience, and the gay turns are greeted with shrieks of merriment.

Here is a turn which does not find favour and is suppressed by means of eggs and other missiles carried to the stage by balloons, which are punctured by catapult-shots and drop their loads on the singer's head.



Mickey, at the piano, and the Prima Donna get a big ovation.

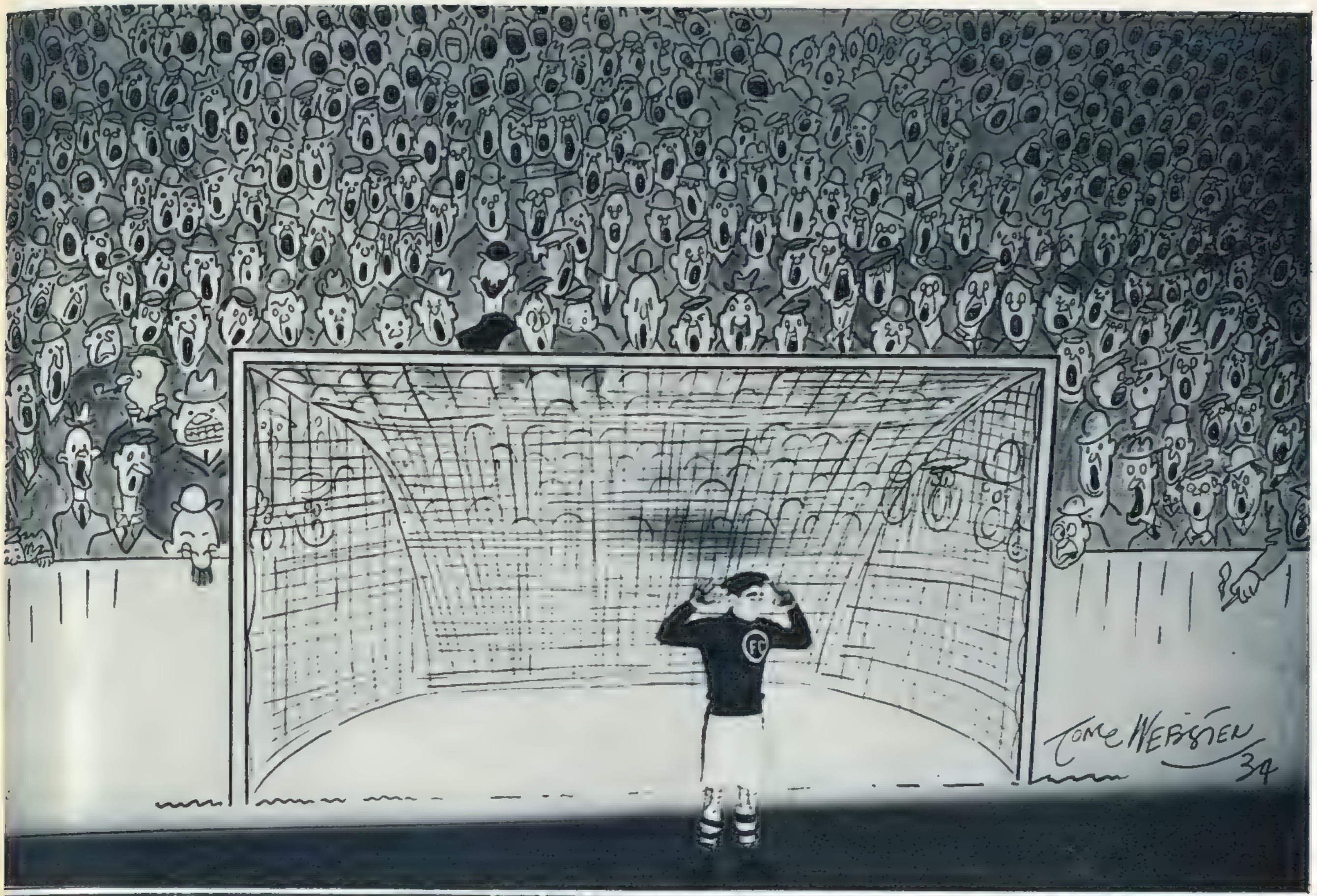
The equine artists do a comic stunt which brings down the house.

Here are a trio of comedians who do much to enliven the evening's entertainment.

(Right) "I WILL." The wedding scene (by A. P. Herbert) in a glorified register office, in which FLORENCE DESMOND and NAUNTON WAYNE play the bride and bridegroom. The frisky registrar takes a commanding position on top of the wedding-cake, and attendant fairies throw confetti. This scene is one of the high lights in C. B. Cochran's twenty-first revue, "STREAMLINE," which is due to open at the Palace on Friday, September 28. The brilliance of the cast, authors, composers, and artists, seems to ensure a magnificent success.

(Below) "PERSEVERANCE" is an extremely clever satire on the Gilbert and Sullivan style of light opera. Vivian Ellis has set off the A. P. Herbert lyrics with music of a sardonic fidelity.

"STREAMLINE" — C. B. C.'s



(Left) With a typical décor by Tom Webster, SHERKOT, the French silent mime, gives a joyous comic cameo of a goalkeeper.

(Below) Revelations of "THE PRIVATE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, in four scenes, burlesques wittily Hollywood distortions of history. TILLY LOSCH takes the part of Josephine; CHARLES HESLOP is Wellington; and NAUNTON WAYNE plays Napoleon. This sketch helps to emphasise the revival of interest in Napoleon as a stage personage, for no fewer than four plays concerning him are in the air—Sangster's "Napoleon" (already produced); "Josephine," due at His Majesty's on the 25th; a play by Zweig and Harold Simpson; and "St. Helena," by R. C. Sherriff and Jeanne de Casalis.

COMING-OF-AGE REVUE.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

MY estimation of Mr. Ivor Novello's many talents, so often praised in these pages, impels me to say that his last play, "MURDER IN MAYFAIR," tumultuously applauded at the Globe, was a disappointment. It was not only inordinately long — first act over an hour! — but it was also strangely diffuse in its interlinking of the main threads. Yet the public were engrossed and — aloft in the gallery—carried away by the conflict of the musician (Mr. Novello) wrestling with two lovelorn women — the one a little fiend, the other a kind of ministering angel. The fiend, acted with great feeling by Miss Edna Best, was the score of the evening; and the *femme-femme* of Miss Fay Compton, also an admirable performance, had one powerful scene which, although defying introspection, roused the audience. And when it culminated in the murder of the wretched woman who had compelled the musician to marry her, the sudden tragedy took many little souls' breath away. Mr. Novello certainly knows all the *ficelles* of the theatre; he is an ingenious wire-puller, second to none; he knows the theatrical red and green lights to perfection. Thus, remembering that in "Proscenium" the linnet-headed widow's malapropisms kept the audience roaring, he re-creates her in this play with an exuberant vengeance, and again the charming Miss Zena Dare propels them with a rare sureness of aim. His hero, too, the pianist, is a close kinsman of the young actor in "Proscenium," and Mr. Novello plays this part, slightly perfumed with a foreign intonation, with all his great *savoir-faire* and his growing emotional force. Much the same should be said of Mr. Robert Andrews, the other admirer of the little fiend. This part becomes important in the third act—I must not reveal why—but he rose to it in great sincerity. As for the production by Miss Leontine Sagan, I have nothing but praise. She marshalled the two boisterous evening parties of very "bright" young people with the tactics of a leader. She knows how to create chaos without confusion.

"QUEER CARGO," at the Piccadilly. Portrait of Vibart (FRANKLIN DYALL), the gentleman pirate with heavy artillery.

The stir of patriotism ignited us all. Never in the last few years have I witnessed such continuous manifestations of joy and enthusiasm as on that memorable Sept. 6, when, after thirty-three long years, Sir Edward German's masterpiece, "MERRIE ENGLAND," came into its own again at the rejuvenated Prince's Theatre. Talk of atmosphere—here it was in music, in song, in dance, in colour; a true revival of Old England as it lived, loved, and skipped through life in adorable green lanes, cap in hand. "Merrie England" is a glorification of soil and nation. It is British to the core and the score. From the moment the old songs were tuned-in we all felt kin, and after the vibrating Yeoman ensemble I saw seasoned critics and workers in the theatre furtively wiping their eyes. By Jove! why was not this trumpet-call of a so-called comic opera revived in '14? It is ten times as exciting as "We Don't Want to Lose You." And now it was gloriously sung and acted by Mr. Joseph Hislop, the conquering hero of the evening; by Miss Nancy Fraser, with her sweet *voix flûtée*; by Miss Enid Cruickshank, belonging to grand opera in her grandness; by Mr. Edgar Owen, and by Miss Rosalinde Fuller. Remain as the "outstanders" in a long, fine cast Mr. W. S. Percy, who in his Shakespearean pranks and caprioles was the chief bell-ringer of all the revels, not forgetting Mr. Herman Finck, the inspired conductor (heartily greeted on his return to the baton), and Mr. R. Claud Jenkins, the producer.

More rough stuff in "QUEER CARGO." Captain Alan Harley (left) buffets Maurice Appleton Myers, the howling cad, arrant coward, and double-dyed villain. The Rev. James Travers (ROBERT HALE; right) doubts his own abilities as referee.

"ROSE AND GLOVE," Mr. Hugh Ross-Williamson's romantic tragedy, with which Mr. Baxter Somerville opened his new enterprise of repertory at the Westminster, was better theatre than it was history. It was none the worse for that. For the author, while he is quick to mould time, incident, and character to the demands of the stage, yet kept a tight hold on his underlying idea. Because of this, and also because his unpretentious little play is well written and well acted, it was dramatic and at times moving. Its theme is as old as war and as young as peace. In the person of Piers Gaveston—pampered favourite, evil genius, guardian angel—what you will—of the youthful, ill-starred Edward II.—we saw the young idealist shocked and disillusioned by the distorted standards, the political and military treachery, of those in high places—the Government, the Army, the Church, the Law, he was at odds with them all.

Rough stuff in the China Seas. Captain Alan Harley (BARRIE LIVESEY; right), strong, garrulous Englishman, damages the wrist of Maurice Appleton Myers (BARRY SINCLAIR; left), howling coward, double-dyed cad, and arrant villain. Miss Travers (DRUSILLA WILLS), the padre's sister, feels that life among the heathen Chinee is far preferable.

Only his devotion to the young Prince, so soon and so unhappily to be King, remained steadfast and unsullied, a devotion that in the end was its own undoing in the eyes of the world. Whatever history may have made of Gaveston, Mr. Ross-Williamson made him credible enough. In this he was most ably aided and abetted by Mr. Emlyn Williams, whose forceful, easy playing of the part made his emotional moments all the more effective when they came. Mr. Richard Ainley as Edward II. was the personification of bewildered youth suddenly called upon to shoulder greatness. Mr. Wilfrid Grantham's Pembroke, Mr. Harold Scott's Lancaster, Mr. Jack Minster's Warwick, Mr. Julian d'Albie's Lincoln, and Mr. Julian Wheatley's Gloucester were all skilfully differentiated and admirably played; Mr. Graveley Edwards was an impressive Edward I., and Mr. Howieson Culff an austerely regal Archbishop. Miss Carol Goodner, as Gaveston's much-tried wife, made the most of her opportunities; and Miss Yvonne Rorie, as the French child-Queen of England, was as pert and pertinent as the author apparently intended her to be.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"EVENSONG," the famous novel by Beverley Nichols, has travelled a long way from the bookshelf, *via* the stage to the screen, and a good deal of its original quality has been lost *en route*. Chosen as a vehicle for our foremost singing star, Evelyn Laye, the picture, presented at the Tivoli, has suffered such drastic change that its relationship to the book becomes almost, if not entirely, a matter of names and a handful of incidents. Here is no longer a study of an individual singer, a prima donna on the threshold of eclipse, an intimate portrait in which the generosity, the fighting spirit, the pettinesses and possessiveness of a complex character are at least as important as the tragedy of age. Evelyn Laye's beautiful voice has to be given its chance, therefore the Irela of the screen comes perilously close to those stock figures of pictorial drama whose careers we are invited to watch from aspiring youth to international fame. In short, "Evensong" has become the life of an operatic diva, abounding in song, gathering the roses of romance on the way, taking the war in its stride (with no particular gain in characterisation), and finding its affinity to the novel only in its last phase of defeat. But for the ever-present figure of Irela's manager, Kober, a pillar of ruthless strength in the person of that fine actor, Fritz Kortner, the picture might easily fall into the rut of convention. Yet, if you can banish all memory of the book, or possibly have not read it, you can extract much pleasure from Victor Saville's workmanlike production. It is not inspired, but it is well planned, well staged, and places its star well in the limelight—a position which Miss Laye upholds with charm and distinction.

"MURDER IN MAYFAIR," at the Globe. Jacques Clavel (IVOR NOVELLO), the great French pianist and profile, is left with the body of his murdered wife (EDNA BEST), a dope-sodden nit-wit. Did he do it?—or did he?

The story provided for the new Gracie Fields picture, "SING AS WE GO" (Plaza), by J. B. Priestley, is just a frolicsome fairy-tale, enrolling "Our Gracie" amongst the Good Companions who take the ups and downs of life with never-failing good humour, ready to hold out a helping hand to a fellow-traveller. When a cotton-mill closes down, Gracie takes to the road on a bicycle to seek her fortune in Blackpool. Her series of comic adventures in her various jobs, her altruistic protection of a couple of young lovers (pleasantly played by John Loder and Dorothy Hyson), and her championship of the silent mill, which finally and triumphantly reopens, are conceived in a spirit of gaiety that suits the star down to the ground. And gallantly she takes her chances, with that infectious *bonhomie* and neat little touches of pathos which have won for her a unique place in the public's affection. But Mr. Priestley's real inspiration lies in his choice of *locale*—Blackpool. Basil Dean, producer and director, has composed a Lancashire rhapsody in which the hum of the mills, the strident notes of the fun-fair, the laughter of the holiday crowd, and the beauty of steel girders against an evening sky are caught and blended. The carnival town in all its virile hilarity sweeps across the screen, invested with just that touch of imagination that attunes its vivid reality to the absurdities of Gracie's escapades. This is the sort of thing we want—a bit of England intelligently used as a background to English humour. Mr. Dean's glimpses of the cotton-mill, its machinery ominously slowing down to a tragic halt, are equally effective; and if the story wears a bit thin occasionally, the capital acting of Maire O'Neill, Frank Pettingell, and Stanley Holloway steps in to bridge the gap.

And so to "TREASURE ISLAND," at the Empire, a fine, upstanding, vigorous picture. How far it altogether redistils the unique flavour of Robert Louis Stevenson's story is a matter of individual reaction. Long John Silver, Jim Hawkins, Captain Smollett, Billy Bones, and the rest of the immortal company belong to each of us in particular, as well as to the world. Like children listening to a tale retold, we are fiercely critical of any smallest deviation from the original telling. Some things we miss—the tapping of the blind man's stick, for instance; the nightmare sound that haunted youthful dreams. And there are other differences. This said, the film remains as stirring, robust entertainment, its story and pictorial values skilfully interwoven into a whole that is both good fun and good cinema. Wallace Beery, as Silver, has a part after his own heart, and plays it with inimitable zest, hero and villain personified. Jackie Cooper, once more his appealing, irresistible foil, is a gallant, enviable figure in the rôle of Jim Hawkins, effectively childish and manly by turns; and Lionel Barrymore's comparatively brief appearance as Billy Bones strikes just the right note of drunken, avaricious terror. With Lewis Stone admirably cast as Captain Smollett, Nigel Bruce as Squire Trelawney, and Otto Kruger as Doctor Livesey; with the pirates as villainous as their namesakes; with "Chic" Sale's eerie, lunatic castaway, Ben Gunn; with its glittering heaps of treasure, its real ship, its cutlasses and corpses, the film has everything to appeal to all who love a good story swiftly told and excellently acted.

MAYFAIR MURDER MODES. Auriol Crannock (EDNA BEST; left) shows us a charming two-piece tailored suiting eminently suitable for a young murderee on her last afternoon alive. Mrs. Fania Sherry (ZENA DARE; centre) is attired in modish plum-coloured velvet lined in scarlet taffeta—just the thing for the matron who may be mixed up in homicide at any moment. Mary Ventyre (FAY COMPTON; right) demonstrates the magnificent sable wrap to be worn by fashionable ladies hurriedly summoned to fashionable murders.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XII.

KEITH WINTER'S "THE SHINING HOUR,"

1. *In "The Shining Hour," David (RAYMOND MASSEY) and his wife Judy (ADRIANNE ALLEN) are faced by the problem that he has fallen in love with Mariella, his brother's wife.*
2. *Antagonism flares up between Hannah (MARJORIE FIELDING), the dragon of the household, and her brother David (RAYMOND MASSEY), as she suspects him of making love to Mariella (GLADYS COOPER).*
3. *After the death of his wife, who has killed herself because he "met the right woman," the overwrought David (RAYMOND MASSEY) has a crise de nerfs and smashes the crockery, while Henry, Mariella, Mickey, and Hannah (left to right) look on horrified.*
4. *David (RAYMOND MASSEY) cannot disguise the attraction he feels for Mariella (GLADYS COOPER). This is noticed by his wife Judy (ADRIANNE ALLEN), but not by his brother Henry (CYRIL RAYMOND), who is engrossed in his game of cards.*

AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

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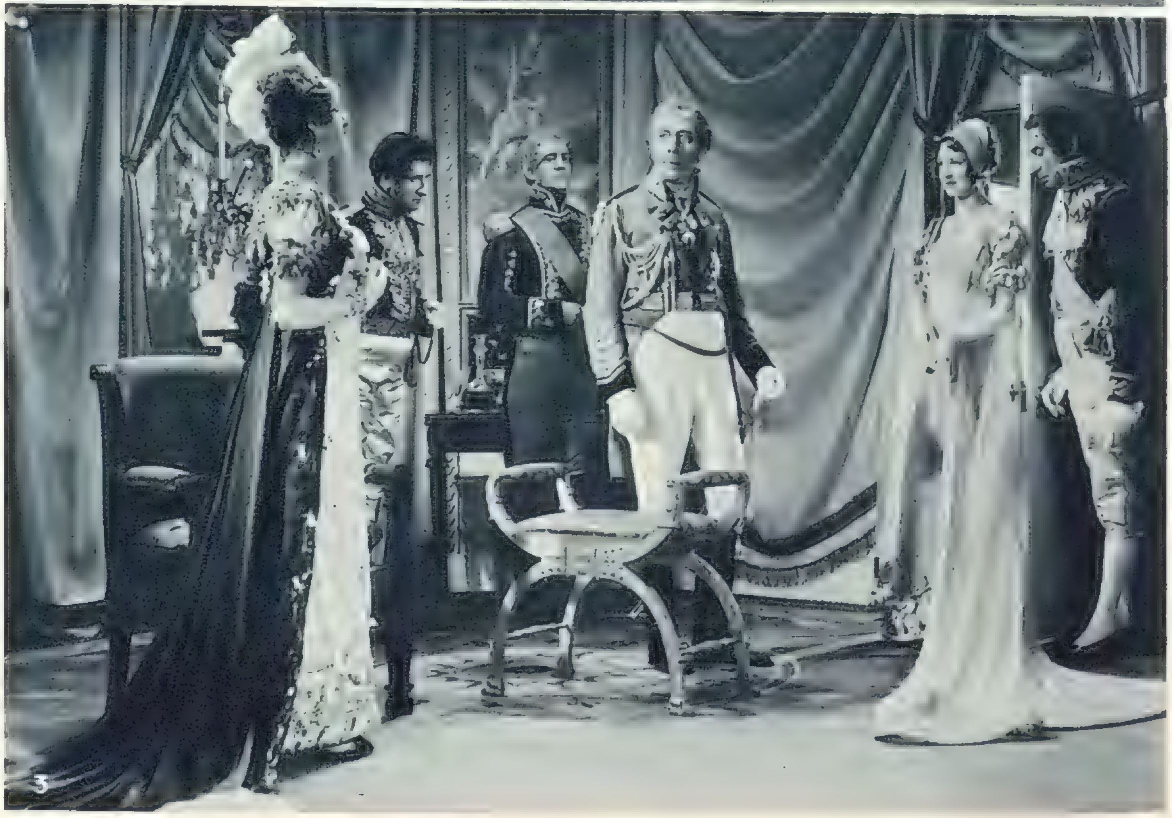
5. *David (RAYMOND MASSEY) is enraged with Mickey, his younger brother (DEREK WILLIAMS), for trying to make love to Mariella (GLADYS COOPER), while Hannah (MARJORIE FIELDING) watches them with no friendly eye.*

6. *David (RAYMOND MASSEY) and Mariella (GLADYS COOPER) realise the feeling they have for each other.*

7. *Mariella (GLADYS COOPER) tells Hannah (MARJORIE FIELDING) what she thinks of her rudeness, while Judy (ADRIANNE ALLEN) looks on sympathetically.*

8. *Mariella (GLADYS COOPER) and Judy (ADRIANNE ALLEN) watching the thunderstorm which finally sets fire to the barn in which Judy deliberately goes to her death. She is urging Mariella to face the fact that she loves David, and advises her to go off with him.*

MISS GLADYS COOPER IN HER FIRST TALKIE: MADAME OF "THE IRON DUKE."



1. Lady Frances (LESLEY WAREING) is presented to the Duchesse d'Angoulême (GLADYS COOPER), Madame, as she is called, that being the title used in France for the wife of the King's brother or nephew.

2. The Duchesse d'Angoulême (Gladys Cooper) as she appears in her first talkie, "The Iron Duke," produced by Gaumont-British Studios.

3. The Duchesse d'Angoulême (Gladys Cooper), the Duke of Wellington (GEORGE ARLISS), and Lady Frances (Lesley Wareing). Madame is a woman of great character, in marked contrast to the other members of the French Royal Family of that period. She could, in fact, be called somewhat of a shrew, which is an unusual part for Miss Gladys Cooper to play.

"Right... meet you at 9... must hurry or I'll be late...
just had my face ice-packed, wait till you see me...
new dress an' everything... new pair of stockings too...
Bear Brand of course... that's the one thing I'm always faithful to... 'bye!"
Paris is jealous
because they are
BRITISH MADE
Bear Brand
CREPE
Luxury
STOCKINGS
4'11 5'11 6'11 8'11 10'6
Made at Woolton by Howard Ford and Co., Ltd., of London and Liverpool

LAWRENCE AND FAIRBANKS IN "MOONLIGHT IS SILVER."

1. Preparations for a house-warming in honour of Stephen, a consulting engineer who has been abroad, are being made by Charles Lankaster (BARRY JONES), a somewhat philandering young man; Gilbert (CECIL PARKER), Stephen's brother; Dorry (ALEXIS FRANCE); and Barbara Dawe (MARTITA HUNT), who has a distinct affection for Gilbert.

2. Josephine (GERTRUDE LAWRENCE) is very much in love with her husband, Stephen (DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.). She is very glad to have him back with her in the new house she has specially furnished and decorated for him.

3. Stephen (DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS) is very jealous of his wife, Josephine (GERTRUDE LAWRENCE). He hears that she has flirted with Charles Lankaster, who helped her to prepare the house, and that makes him worse than ever. The play, which was originally called "Here Lies the Truth," is due at the Queen's Theatre to-night, the 19th.

4. While preparing the house which is to be a surprise for her husband, Josephine (GERTRUDE LAWRENCE) cannot resist flirting with Charles Lankaster (BARRY JONES), who helped her with the panelling and whose wife is abroad.

5. Charles Lankaster decides to join his wife in the South of France, thus partly solving Stephen's jealousy. (L. to r.) Gilbert (CECIL PARKER), Barbara Dawe (MARTITA HUNT), Josephine (GERTRUDE LAWRENCE), and Stephen (DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.).

SOUTH AFRICA—

Land of Health

"SUNSHINE and blue skies; farms and homesteads nestling among mountains and hills; blossoms of peach and plum filling the valley with colour; the perfume of orange groves; the profusion of wild flowers; the camp fire and the thrill of wild game in the Lowveld; the picturesque Kraals and laughter-loving Natives; the quest of open roads trailing to far horizons; the sparkling air of the Highveld; sea and sun bathing on golden beaches; the bright warm days and cool starlit nights—these memories and the joyous feeling of health and fitness after my last holiday in South Africa will lure me back there before long."

These are an English visitor's impressions of travel in South Africa.

May we send you our descriptive booklet, "South Africa Calling," to assist you in planning your next overseas tour? The book will be posted gratis on request to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

JOHN EVERARD

One says Matita—and immediately one pictures tailored clothes that are traditionally English in the best sense, but which yet have an elusive chic that is purely cosmopolitan.
Here is a most attractive and nonchalant dress in a smoky-brown and beige jersey fabric, the brown belt and the cleverly draped folds at the neck held by little oxydised feathers.
Make a point of seeing Matita's new autumn models. It is worth while. They are sold practically everywhere.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

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CONTRASTS
FROM THE
PARIS COLLECTIONS

Lanvin's very formal afternoon dress—so typical of her—in heavy black crêpe ornately trimmed with diamond-shaped empiecements of gilded leather. The matching bag is an interesting detail, and loose coats of this type are seen very frequently.

With the new boat-shaped neckline—Bruyère's beautifully restrained frock in dull and lustrous satin. The full curve on the upper part of the sleeve helps to emphasise the slenderness of the skirt, which shows the new nipped-in line just above the knees.

SCAIONI

On the right is one of Mainbocher's many and varied tunic frocks. This is in navy black marocain, with a lace top veiling a satin bodice. The tight three-quarter length sleeves, the waistless tunic, and the cone-shaped skirt should be carefully noted.

SCAIONI

Worth's magnificent evening gown is seen above. In marron-coloured velvet woven with delicate golden threads, the fox-bordered cape is buttoned at the back of the neck and has a triangle cut out of the front to show the curled osprey on the corsage.

Creed is famous for his superb tailored clothes, and on the right is shown the only evening suit in his collection. Cut with exquisite precision, the perfectly plain dress is black, with a fine lace jabot. The short jacket is of heavy quilted satin.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

To write a book about children that can be enjoyed by children and by grown-up people is a rare and difficult feat. Maria Edgeworth accomplished it, so did Miss Ewing and Lewis Carroll and Judge Parry and, nearer our own day, Kenneth Grahame. In a way his success was the most remarkable, for, though he identified himself with the children, at the back of his mind there was always a pang of regret. He pretended to be childhood's contemporary, but really he was looking back with longing on the Dream Days and The Golden Age that would not return.

"Dew On the Grass."

"Dew On the Grass" is a book about children, but hardly, I think, a child's book. It has some of the qualities of "The Golden Age," the delicious, early morning freshness, the romance, the sense of mystery; and the grown-up person can easily identify himself with Delia and Lucy and Maurice and Miriam. But I doubt if an ordinary child could. Miss Eiluned Lewis does not patronise the little Gwyns; she treats their emotions with the same seriousness she would those of a grown-up person. But she writes in a mood of reminiscence. Like Proust (though with how different a method!) she sets out *à la recherche du temps perdu*, and she is marvellously successful in her quest. I do not know a book that recalls more vividly the world as it presents itself to the mind of a child. And not only the half-apprehended outer, objective world, but the inner, fully realised world of the imagination. The dialogues between Catherine of England (Delia) and Bertha of France (Lucy), sister queens of make-believe kingdoms, are among the most enchanting passages in the book, and Lucy's poems obtain a readier hearing from the reader than from her own brother and sisters—

Oh, the royal band of France
Where you see the ladies dance
On the royal, goyal fields
Where the admiration deals!

Oh, our good and gracious King
Who makes the royal band to sing
And makes the royal ladies bold
To dance and play in chains of gold!

"What does 'goyal' mean?" asked Catherine of England.

"It's a French word," said her sister queen carelessly. "I'm not sure of the English meaning."

The Gwyn children led an ideal life, whether in their Welsh home, by the "young Severn," or in the fields and woods and moors round about it, or at the seaside, welcome guests of Aunt Shân, whose house Miss Lewis describes with loving exactitude. The Gwyns were very "nice" children, and, though strictly brought up by their nurse Louisa, nearly always sunny and good-natured. Yet not goody-goody. It was certainly wrong of Lucy to undress Miriam and "put her to bed" on an exposed field in a March wind, and then forget about her. All through, Miss Lewis keeps a nice balance between poetry and psychology in her account of the children's imaginings and experiences; we almost as rarely feel that she has dressed up an incident to make it picturesque as that she has stripped it to satisfy theorists who believe in children red in tooth and claw.

"My Shadow as I Pass."

It needs a wrench to get one's mind in tune with "My Shadow as I Pass"—a very striking novel, and not without magic, but a different kind of magic from Miss Lewis's. There is no dew on the grass here; it has all been scorched away by the fire of Helen's passion for John, a journalist of promise, of genius perhaps, who died untimely before he could more than taste the fame which should have been his. Mrs. Bolitho does not disguise the fact that John was a difficult as well as a fascinating character. He was mercurial, exacting, fastidious: he needed a great deal of living up to. "Oh, don't be ordinary, my darling; don't be ordinary!" he once exclaimed—a needless injunction, one would think, for there was nothing ordinary about Helen—nor is there about Mrs. Bolitho's style, with its avoidance of main verbs and passion for exclamations and interrogations—

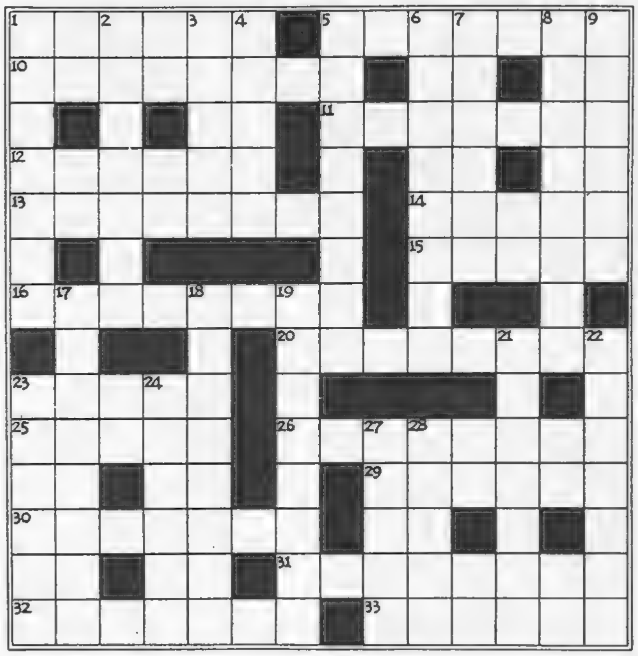
Sitting up with the rain pouring down the window and the compartment mirrored in the streaming glass. Opposite that snoring woman. Those solid feet encased in stout black boots. Bulging expanse of bright brown artificial silk stockings. Clanking, thundering through the wet night. Nothing to read. Nowhere to look. Exhausted and wide-awake. Trying to find comfort resting her head against the rough serge window-curtain. Closing her eyes. And that melancholy whistle cutting through the endless night like the drawn-out wail of a gigantic bird. . . .

One Life Between Two.

The narrative is told partly in the third person and partly in the first—Helen's memories of her dead husband becoming so vivid as to demand the outlet of direct speech. Since their first meeting she had been his good angel. Her life had become a process of identification with his, an identification which, as she recalls it with growing excitement, glows with a mystical ecstasy. The ability to express the fulfilment of one personality in another is very rare, but Mrs. Bolitho has it in perfection. Over-praise, like self-praise, is no recommendation. Had she omitted from her portrait John's faults, we should have felt impatient both with him and with Helen; as it is, we soon begin to feel his loss almost as personally as she did. From the first Mrs. Bolitho writes with every emotional stop pulled out, and the book moves to its climax with a continual

[Continued on page xii

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Instrument which seems to result from gatching gold.
5. Quite ignorant, but you can make shift with it if you unnerstand!
10. Member of Society? Nonsense, heretic!
11. You needn't go far from your own door-step to find one, but King Cole used a different word.
12. Unnaturalised aliens applying to the Ministry of the Interior.
13. A hunting man who might say hikes are.
14. He believes in the unseen, yet it wouldn't take much to make him desist.
15. These are too much even of a good thing. Still, there's something in endurance.
16. Made a habit of going, a second selection having been made.
20. Mediterranean islanders who always end up with rows.
23. So he's resolved to make something to wear!
25. It's usually reckoned to be fresh, but the article must be kept within measure.
26. A Frenchman could see goodness in it, though it's upset.
29. Lord! Lord! There are no limits to the knobless!
30. Man proposes to do so, but the pose must be altered before use.
31. Not many could say they don't know this place for little apples, but some can only spell half.
32. Values which should show what you write after you have reached a slight elevation.
33. They turn out shy, you see, just the opposite of girls.

DOWN.

1. Tradesman endeavouring to appear less refined.
2. This should be clear as print—most emphatically so.
3. The Romans were fond of sitting round it: the Scotch are not.
4. A first-rate felow when he's more mature.
5. This might make you stay nude, so it's a good job it's rocky!
6. He's the man to cut a long story short, but not the one about his grand slam doubled!
7. Hard to catch asleep, but with a different head he might be made so.
8. Offers varied resistance, and thus varies the rotas.
9. It may be vain to wear these on your head, but they're vainer still after their third letter.
17. Tires used on motor cars.
18. Prescription for racketeers. Steer clear of the dog, but not very clear!
19. Unresponsive with a hole in it.
21. Spectacular practitioner. Hark, that's the end!
22. Daily departures which provide us with nests.
23. Looks all round, but can't be here till later.
24. Augment out of encouragement, giving encouragement to augment.
27. Time! There's room here for men from the South.
28. And this is a round-up by men from the West, showing what most of them did with nothing on!

NOTE.—Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters, and clues are not given.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, Sept. 24, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published on page X) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

Don't be vague—ask for Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

GOOD OLD MATURED WHISKY IS THE BEST AND SAFEST BEVERAGE AT ALL TIMES

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

HOW seldom, alas! do we find that reality fulfils the joys of anticipation! But I am fortunate, for, however much I look forward to my periodic visits to the Old Grey City, the joy I derive from being there is always equal to the earlier emotion. It is like coming upon a mandarin orange that tastes as sweetly as it smells, a thing *gourmets* assert is beyond attaining. And so this year, after a full and crowded week of watching interesting golf over the Old Course, and dawdling through familiar streets and wynds, and dropping into this or that shop to greet old friends, the sensation is as fresh as of old, the pleasure just as keen.

The Old Course.

In the drouthy interval that has elapsed since the Walker Cup match, many and various have been the rumours to wing their way south of the condition of the Old Course. It was "burnt to a cinder," "worn out," "dead," and the like; and certainly, from letters I received, written by those whose duty and pleasure it is to watch over the links, it was apparent that the effects of two years of hot summers, and searing east winds to follow, were giving rise to grave apprehensions. Then this last August came along, and with it some good, refreshing rains. Immediately the wonderful recuperative powers of this matchless stretch of turf became manifest. Everywhere new grass began to push up, and it is now safe to say that, if the links get the long rest and simple treatment promised, all will be very well.

The Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase Tournament.

Certainly no better opportunity for judging the condition of the Old Course than the Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase Tournament, just concluded, and the concensus of opinion was one of gratified surprise. Through the green there were bad lies, of course, but not so bad or so plentiful as had been expected, and the greens themselves were a continual delight, even for those whose touch had deserted them. I was not taking part, but I watched the play all through, and sandwiched three private matches in between rounds in those six crowded days, and I can say honestly that I have never enjoyed playing more. It was the art of golf that was called for all the time, and better putting conditions I have never met. It was the *real* thing, now so seldom seen; the difference between a slow and a keen billiards table.

MISS WAVENEY BEESLEY has a fine open swing. She entered for the sixteenth "Bystander" Girls' Open Golf Championship, which was held last week at Stoke Poges.

The Play and Players.

The play, taking it by and large, was well up to the average, and the entry a representative one for the most important match event of the club year, if the real "tigers" were hunting other "sections." None the less, it was a thoroughly catholic gathering, for, in addition to Captain Greville Stevens, last year's winner, and several ex-holders among low-handicapped golfers, there were Sir Ernley Blackwell, the Captain; Bernard Darwin, the Captain-elect; Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Denman, Lord Hutchison of Montrose, Lord Charles Hope, Sir John Simon, Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, Sir Nairn Stewart Sandeman, Sir Charles Barrie, Sir Hugh Bray, Major-General Sir Colin Mackenzie, Rear-Admiral C. E. Kennedy Purvis, the Hon. J. K. Weir, and Hugh Vivian-Smith, who married Lord Rosebery's daughter. So Lords and Commons, the Services and professions, as well as mere golfers, all were "forward." Eventually, after a competition that was remarkable for the number of halved matches, two young players, G. W. Mackie and D. J. Bell, each handicapped at four, fought out the final, which Mackie won by three and two. He thoroughly deserved his victory, for he has power and correct methods. Bell is a very neat golfer, but at the moment is not long enough from the tee.

Miss Wethered.

But the competition was not our only attraction, for Miss Joyce Wethered came over to stay for a few days with the Darwins, and whenever she played it was her match, and not the Club Tournament, that drew the gallery. She played in several four-ball matches, culminating in two in which she and Miss Dorothy Pearson played Captain Greville Stevens and Major Willie Alston on level terms. The ladies won both: in the morning by a single hole, in the afternoon by three and two. In the morning encounter Miss Wethered was round in 75, although a very strong south-westerly wind was blowing; and as Miss Pearson, for that round, was dead out of form, it was, in effect, Miss Wethered against Greville Stevens, giving him two bisques, for Willie Alston stepped into the breach twice when Stevens failed, at the Long Hole Home and at the Road Hole, where Alston squared the match with a great four. Then to the home hole Miss Wethered gave of her best, to the delight of the "gallery." She hit a long drive over the road, followed it with a magnificent high stopping approach which finished four feet from the hole, and down went her putt for a three and victory. There's golf for you!

MISS RHODA and MISS NANCY JUPP. The latter, who is thirteen, was the youngest competitor in the "Bystander" Girls' Open Golf Championship this year. Neither of these sisters had played in the event before.

Two Good Stories.

Such festival occasions nearly always provide anecdotes, and here are two good ones. The town paper-crier here is a tradition and a character. He knows everything of everyone. He went up to Charles Hope and asked how he was doing. On Charles telling him he had been beaten, he remarked: "Umph, umph! Ye'll likely be better at the tennis." The second is a conversation overheard on the Ladies' Putting Course. Two elderly members were discussing the coming annual competition there for the Captain's Prizes. (The new Captain has complete freedom in their choice.) Said one old lady: "I wonder what sort of prizes the new Captain will give. Do you know who he is?" To which her companion replied: "I don't know. I hear he is a sort of journalist. I think his name is Garvin"!

MISS THELMA RAMSAY gets neatly out of a bunker during practice for the "Bystander" Girls' Open Golf Championship.

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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"INCREDIBLE! Nobody could have believed it possible! And only three years ago."

"What 's this? Gold Standard?" asked a fussy little man, nervously fingering his waistcoat - buttons. "What fools we 've been, eh? Well do I remember that Sunday."

"Sunday?"

"Yes, my boy; and the better the day, the better the deed for holders of gold-mining shares."

"The Committee closed the Stock Exchange, do you remember, because they thought there might be a semi-panic on our abandoning gold."

"You mean Gold Standard," another man corrected.

"Bank Rate went up to six per cent. on that same Sunday, I recollect."

"And the funny part of it was that the Bank of England wouldn't acknowledge that the change was made on a Sunday. It was, though," and the little man looked ferociously around, as though he hoped for contradiction.

"Why do you say that we have all been fools?" enquired Our Stroller mildly.

"Fools? Why, any fool can see that. Not to have bought gold-mining shares, of course, until our overdraft positively creaked with the weight."

"There 's that about it. Gold shares have gone up enormously in the three years."

"'Enormously,' you call it? I say 'incredibly,'" repeated the broker who had first spoken. "All we had to do in that week was to lay in gold shares; as our stalwart friend says——"

The little man's fist stopped at no more than postage - stamp breadth from the speaker's nose.

"And, if we had done so, this blessed Street wouldn't have seen a single man of us this fine morning."

"What would you do with yourself if you retired?" asked Our Stroller.

"Do? I should get so fed-up that I 'd be back again in less than a year."

The broker recalled the case of an elderly man who retired after he had made a modest fortune, and then married a young wife.

"He settled half his money upon her. She got tired of him and ran away with a chap nearer her own age. The husband came back to business in order to forget his trouble, and lost the other half of his capital. Then he died!"

"And people say there 's no romance in City life," commented a sentimental dealer. "Same thing might happen to any of us."

"Hark to the private life of Don Juan! Or perhaps you 're more likely to be the injured husband, eh?"

"Father," said a young fellow hurrying up. "I 've just had a 'phone message from home to say that Mother——"

The older man's grip tightened round his jobbing-book.

"Go on," he grimly ordered. "What are you waiting for?"

"I don't wish to hurt your feelings, Sir. Mother——"

"Oh, get to it, boy! What about your Mother?"

"Well, she thinks you 'd better dine out to-night, because those grouse of yours seem to be—to be—what you might call on the wing again. Probably the weather, you know."

"And if you had read a thing like that in the paper," said one of the group, when they had finished laughing, "you 'd never believe it could happen in real life. Young man, you 've given us something to remember for years. Make the old man take your Mother out to dinner as a reward."

"Right, Sir. I haven't the remotest idea of what the joke is"—he glanced from one to the other—"but you all look cheerier than the Kaffir Market does."

"Kaffirs are all right. You needn't trouble about them. People got windy because the price of gold went so high——"

"Scared the public a bit, didn't it?"

"Can you wonder, really and truly? We have had all these new things brought out at high prices, and, when the newspapers were told to warn people about paying fancy figures for unproved properties, the effect was to spread a feeling of caution all round."

"Who told the newspapers to warn people, I should like to know?"

"We can see which way *you* are. Where do you suppose the warning came from? The Admiralty? Or the Rubber Market?"

"After all, these new properties are floated on the strength of the present price of gold, you must remember. Gold might sink a few shillings, and where are your flotations then?"

"Two years ago," recalled a broker, "a pal of mine came home from the Cape, and he declared—mind, I didn't believe him—that half the low-grade propositions out there were not so very far from the point of extinction. Then South Africa went off the gold standard, and altered the complexion of everything."

"We certainly do live in the most amazing times. You can't say, nowadays, that anything won't happen."

"Your new propositions——"

"Well, warning or no warning, the shares may go very much higher. After what we 've seen for ourselves in Grootvlei and Daggafontein, and even East Rands and Randfontein—well, as I said, anything can happen."

"All the same," put in Our Stroller, "you can understand why some folks feel nervy about it, and prefer to go for our own industrials."

They drifted into the Stock Exchange, and Our Stroller found himself in the West Australian Market. He amused himself by studying the lists of metal prices.

"The older Companies are quite good," he overheard a jobber say. "Out of the new ones, I should think Commonwealth Finance is the best of the lot. The Company has interests in most of the others, and it is developing several concerns that will come along later if they show signs of carrying gold."

"Something of a boom in West Australia just now, isn't there?"

"The cables say so. We don't find an awful lot of trade over here. Prices are sticky, and the public take a great deal of persuasion before they 'll buy some of our things."

"But the concerns are honest enough?"

"Oh, surely. They 're not like some of the Canadian ramps that certain bucket-shops are trying to sell. You have seen most of the circulars, I suppose?"

"Wonder how it is that the bucket-shop brigade is so active just now. I get floods of their tripe sent me by clients. It must pay well."

"They 'phone to people in the country. They pay them personal calls. They are constantly being shown up in the Courts. And yet they carry on. The supply of mugs must be limitless."

"Yes, old man, we 've missed our vocation. We spend our lives in this mouldy hole"—he looked with disgust at the bands of sunlight streaming through the lantern of the Kaffir dome—"and pay our subscription of forty guineas a year——"

"Mine 's fifty guineas."

"And hand over half commission to banks that aren't entitled to it. And work like the devil——"

"Oh, much harder than that."

"And make no more than a living wage when, all the time, we might be piling up cash by running a bucket-shop, and thereby preventing undue accumulation of money by people who, we clearly prove, are not fit to keep it."

Some CITY LIGHTS OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD give an impetus to Fred May's pen. Lord Reading is President of Imperial Chemicals.——Mr. J. H. Maggs is Chairman and Managing Director of United Dairies and its subsidiaries.——Lord Trent is Chairman of Boots.——Mr. Magnus Goodfellow is Chairman and Managing Director of the Ever Ready Company (Britain).

"Well," remarked Our Stroller, "many people in the country don't draw much distinction between a bucket-shop and a member of the Stock Exchange."

"'It 's hard work to tell which is Old Harry when everybody 's got boots on,'" quoted a broker.

Our Stroller slipped upstairs into the Stock Exchange reading-room to verify the quotation. So quiet was the atmosphere, so soothing the surroundings, that, disregarding the risk of discovery, he was no long time in making the eighth who soundly slumbered upon the comfortable Chesterfields.

Friday, Sept. 14, 1934.

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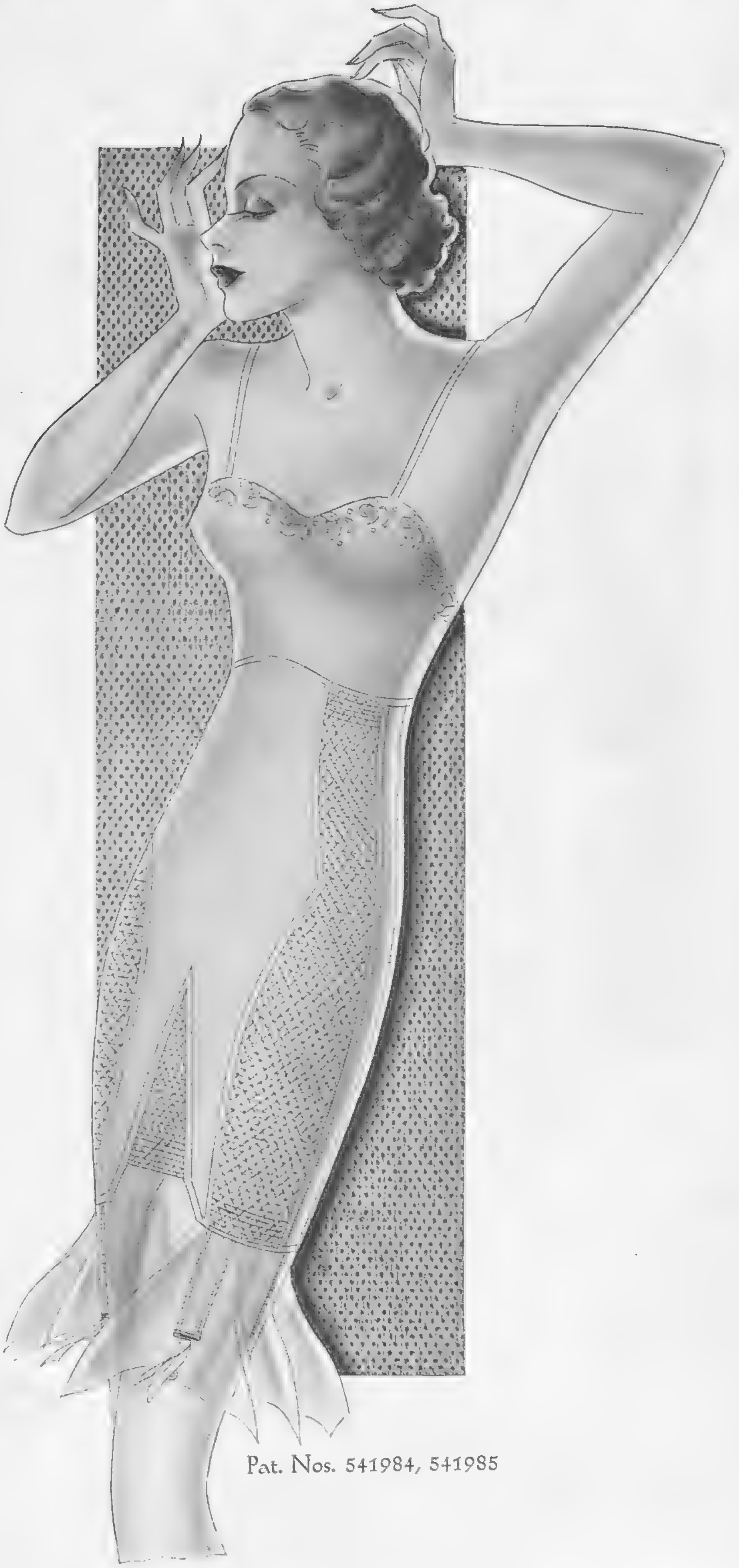

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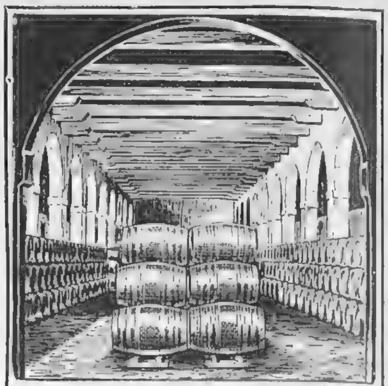

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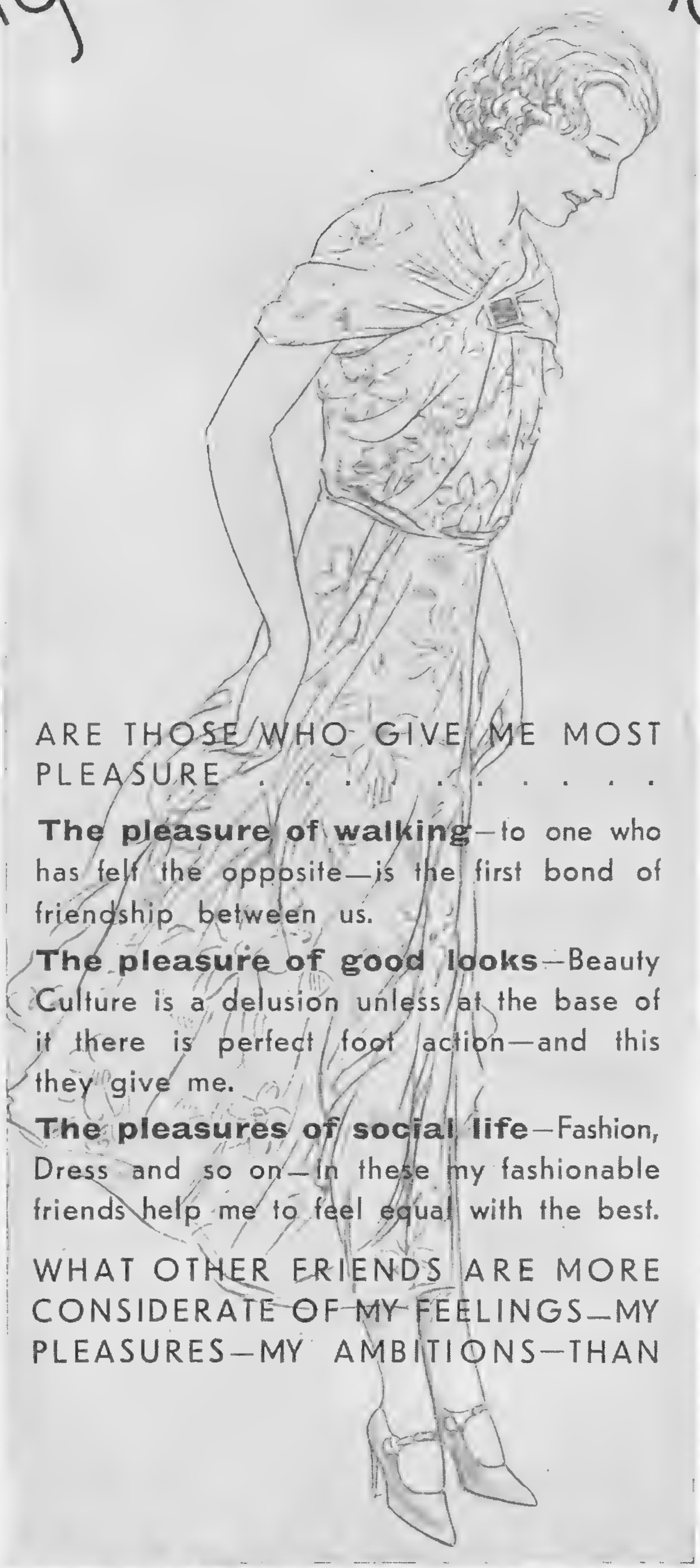

ARE THOSE WHO GIVE ME MOST PLEASURE . . . .

The pleasure of walking—to one who has felt the opposite—is the first bond of friendship between us.

The pleasure of good looks—Beauty Culture is a delusion unless at the base of it there is perfect foot action—and this they give me.

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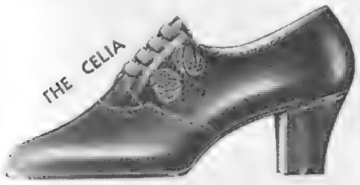

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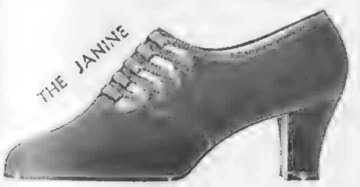

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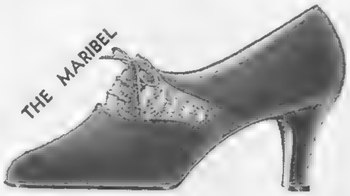

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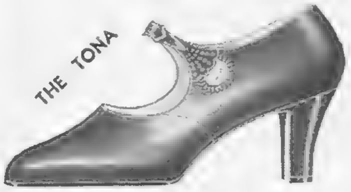

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MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

I TAKE off my hat to the people who build the Vauxhall "Big Six"! How they can turn out such a car at so low a price as £325. I cannot imagine. Look at it! A really large and luxurious saloon, propelled by a hefty six-cylinder engine of 20 h.p. or, if you want even more power, 27 h.p ; a quality and finish about the coachwork that one associates with automobiles of double the price; equipment that for completeness and common-sense selection is almost unrivalled; engineering features that are absent in many much more expensive motor-cars

On its specification alone the Vauxhall is well worth the money. Happily, however, its performance is equally outstanding. Here is a car fit for service in any country in the world, capable of holding its own against American competition on the four-fold points of performance, price, comfort, and appearance.

One's first impression on inspecting the Vauxhall "Big Six" is that it is extremely roomy. The wheelbase is quite short for a 20-h.p. car. Although the makers give it, American style, as 111 inches, in plain English it is 9 ft. 3 in. By the exercise of considerable ingenuity, however, a really astonishing amount of body-space has been provided. The engine has been fitted well forward, and the springing is so cunningly designed that one experiences the same comfort that one would expect in a limousine with a 12-ft. wheelbase. At the same time, all the handiness of a "short" car is retained. The Vauxhall has a big steering-lock and can be manœuvred easily in confined spaces.

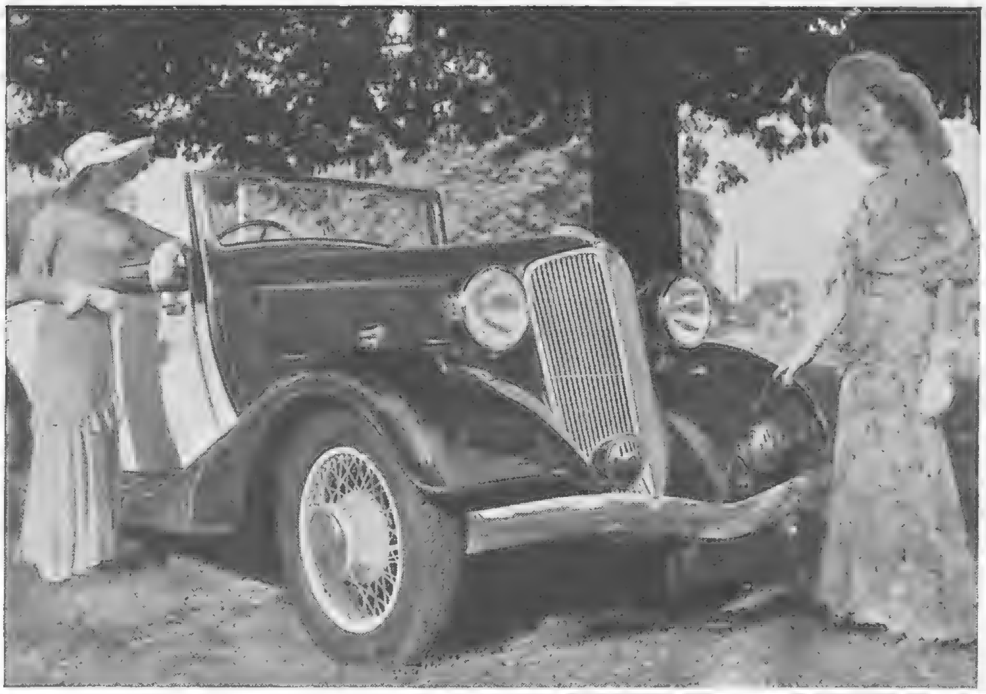
On the road, this car justifies one's most sanguine expectations. The springing is beautifully soft and cushioned at all speeds; yet the road-holding and steadiness on corners are in accordance with the best European traditions. The steering is very light, yet has a pronounced self-centring action and is accurate to the *n*th degree. The brakes, of the self-energising type, call for no perceptible effort in their application, and the operation of the clutch-pedal is similarly easy. Despite its size, therefore, the Vauxhall "Big Six" is so light to control that the frailest woman can drive it with ease.

The 20-h.p. 2½-litre engine is designed to give a very useful power-output at a relatively low speed, so the acceleration and top-gear pulling are definitely good. A cruising speed of an honest mile-a-minute is reached so rapidly that it becomes one's normal gait. On a straight road the speedometer swings past the 70-m.p.h. mark with very little persuasion. On third gear the car will run up to 50 m.p.h., which means that a high average speed can be kept up in hilly country; while 30 m.p.h. can be reached in "second."

Thanks to the rubber engine-mounting, the least suspicion of vibration vanishes entirely from the power-unit. Indeed, it is only if one is so inconsiderate as grossly to "over-rev." the engine on a long descent that any trace of roughness is apparent. The clutch is beautifully smooth, and the Super Synchromesh gear-box banishes the worry of gear-changing once and for all. A feature that appealed to me particularly was the "pedomatic" starter: once the engine is switched on, it starts the moment one presses the accelerator-pedal. So very sensible!

Other excellent chassis features are a dip-stick to ascertain the oil level in the gear-box without having to "get out and get under"; a five-fuse lighting system (which means that you cannot suddenly be plunged into darkness if one fuse blows); and the really good anti-dazzle head-lamps controlled from an accessible foot-switch. Then the ignition advance is vacuum-controlled, so that the timing is always "just right," according to whether the engine is pulling hard or running light; the whole of the chassis is automatically lubricated from the engine all the time it is running, and special extensions to the rear springs enable the car to be jacked-up without having to place the jack under the axle. What is more, the car cannot accidentally fall off the jack. The direction-indicators are of the self-returning type; that is to say, they fall back naturally immediately a corner has been rounded, and disappear into recesses in the central door-pillar. A wireless aerial is built-in when the car is assembled, the lead-in being placed under the near-side corner of the instrument panel, so that a radio set can be installed easily.

As far as the coachwork is concerned, this is of the highest quality. The back panel of the body folds down to form a capacious luggage-grid, while a folding arm-rest in the middle of the rear seat adds to the comfort already provided. There is ample leg-room and, in addition, an adjustable foot-rest. The interior of the body is automatically lit up whenever the rear doors are opened. Last, but far from least, comes the Vauxhall "No-Draught" ventilation. A neat swivelling window is provided by each passenger-seat, and as a result all smoke or vitiated air is drawn noiselessly and draughtlessly out of the body. To ride in a car with this perfect ventilation system is an education in itself. All this, as I said at the beginning of this article, for £325. Wonderful, isn't it? The photograph above gives a good idea of the excellent appearance of this car.



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(See page 560) 19/9/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLXXI.

THESE SYSTEMS AND CONVENTIONS.

THIS appeared in an evening paper lately: "For a partnership game like bridge, a system of bidding is necessary, as are also conventions." I regret to say that once I wrote very much the same thing—at least, I said that, for contract, a system of bidding *probably* was necessary. My excuse (if, indeed, it is an excuse) for saying so is that I was very young at the time—at contract, of course—and what little card sense I possessed was nearly bludgeoned out of me. In those days, indeed, it was all but impossible not to have one's card sense entirely knocked out; and, to tell the truth, this was so effectively accomplished that few players have since been able to recover their card sense—if I were not such a polite person, I might have called it their common sense; but we'll leave it at card sense. I well remember, in those early days of contract, making a four-bid in spades at New Almack's Club. I happened to make five, but, none the less, I was the laughing-stock of the card-room—even my partner agreed that the bid included every contract-bidding SIN. I had opened the bidding fourth in hand, with no quick tricks to speak of, and had jumped to a game-bid without any assistance from partner. I had done, in fact, everything that was inexcusable at contract—I think winning game and rubber was my greatest offence (as I say, even my partner agreed about that)—so I could do nothing but apologise and pocket my winnings.

I remember, too, in those early days, how the question of the election to the club of a certain man cropped up—it was doubtful that his play was up to standard. Granted he played the cards very well; but his bidding—heavens, it was absurd! He neither used a system nor even understood one! Of course, it was impossible to play with a person like that, unless he learnt some system. (The "forcing two" was, I think, the fashion then.) Well, the card committee did not see its way to . . . and all that. However, as this particular man kept on winning—which was absurd—and as he was a particularly nice sort of fellow, he was allowed to stay on, and in a short time was recognised as one of the finest contract-players in London; and to this day I think I am right in saying he does not know the first thing about any system of bidding.

This gets me back to my subject. Systems, I am sure, are grand in theory and magnificent in the composing room, where the cards always manage to fit the case. In practice, as every CARD-PLAYER knows, they are "bunk." Let me quote two hands from real play. AB are playing the one-club, Barton ace showing (unsporting) convention. A deals herself Spades—A, K, Q, x, x, x, x, x; Hearts—A; Clubs—x, x; and Diamonds—x, x. She bids four spades! Her partner, holding king, queen of hearts, and two aces, passes, and A proceeds to make a grand slam. Then the cross-talk! A could not bid one club, because she did not hold three (or is it three and a half?) QUICK tricks. She only held NINE CERTAIN tricks, and, depending on partner's response to one club, the only question was whether the hand should be played in four, six, or seven spades. But, of course, poor partner was blamed. Something ought to have been done—I don't quite know what—for if the something had been done and had gone wrong, why, then it would have been said: "Why can't you leave a game bid alone?" Here you have convention without card sense in its highest degree of absurdity.

But wait! I dealt myself Spades—A, K, Kn, 10, 8, 6; Hearts—A, x; Clubs—x, x, x; and Diamonds—x, x; and bid *one* spade (playing no convention). My partner bid three no-trumps; I bid four spades; partner five diamonds; myself five spades. Note: each time I denied slam hopes by re-bidding spades; but all to no purpose, for my partner goes six spades on Spades—9, 2; Hearts—K, x, x; Clubs—Q, Kn, x; and Diamonds—A, Q, Kn, 10, 9; because, on the two-and-a-half quick tricks, which I *must* hold to justify my opening bid, and the great length in spades which I *must* have to justify my re-bids, the slam was a certainty! All this when I had denied all hopes of it! Thus you can see how systematical, conventional bidding defeats its own object; and yet, according to authority, "a system of bidding and conventions are necessary."

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, SEPT. 12.

ACROSS.—1. Racket. 4. Drugged. 9. Equipage. 11. Cabin. 12. Indigent. 13. Visor. 14. Wheedler. 15. Realm. 18. Laconic. 21. Toaster. 22. Usher. 25. Rearward. 28. Cased. 30. Air-liner. 31. Dense. 32. Eye-sores. 33. Sleeper. 34. Assets.

DOWN.—1. Reviver. 2. Curds. 3. Epigrams. 4. Death. 5. Uncle. 6. Gladdens. 7. Evidence. 8. Donors. 10. Gunwale. 16. Ethereal. 17. Lacrosse. 19. Aridity. 20. Outclass. 23. Redress. 24. Trades. 26. Whelp. 27. Racer. 29. Snore.

MISS F. NOBLE, 2, Holland Park, W.11, was the sender of the correct solution of the Crossword Puzzle published in our issue of Sept. 5 to be first opened on Monday morning, Sept. 10. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 560.)

crescendo; yet it does not deafen our ears or numb our nerves, as it easily might have done. John exists only in Helen's recollection of him; yet he is a most vivid figure, with a life-giving quality that quickens and fires the reader's interest. No wonder that his death left Helen nothing to live for. But for the pressure and tension which have preceded it, the last page of the story would have been banal and flat: as it is, the eleventh-hour change to the major key comes as an exquisite relief.

BRIG.-GENERAL E. N. TANDY with the "Sphere" Challenge Cup, which he won at Sunningdale with a score of 80—12=68

Normal and Cheerful?

When I learned (from the jacket) that I should find, in "The Dreamer," "nothing that is cheerful and little that is normal," I felt depressed. Remembering one or two of M. Julian Green's earlier books, I prepared for something very dismal indeed. But either I have grown hardened, or Messrs. Heinemann are unduly squeamish. At any rate, I read this strange and enthralling story without being too much lacerated in my feelings. It certainly is not cheerful: the hero, Manuel, dies slowly of consumption. Nor is it, I suppose, very normal. Manuel's aunt, the redoubtable Mme. Plasse, is clearly in love with him, while he is even more clearly in love with his cousin, Marie-Thérèse, a girl of fourteen and a-half (though big for her age) when the story starts. But there are not greater eccentricities than we look for in most French novels, especially in those of M. Julian Green: while cheerfulness, as we all know, is relative. Manuel's life, crippled by illness as it was, does not leave a sadder impression than would, say, the effort of a party of millionaires to enjoy themselves, described by Miss E. M. Delafield.

"The Dreamer." As a matter of fact, Manuel's unhappiness is only a side-issue of the book: it is like the focus of irritation which makes the oyster grow its pearl. The pearl, in this case, is Manuel's day-dream of his life at the Castle—the castle which he had only seen at a distance through trees, but which became the scene and centre of his imaginative life: at once an escape from, and an intensification of, his wearisome existence as drudge and invalid. A strange excitement, mixed with terror, accompanies his adventures at the Castle; they take on for the reader, as for Manuel, a fearful reality that robs the outside world of meaning. Yet they are derived from actual experience. The Comtesse is an idealisation of Marie-Thérèse; her brother, prancing on his horse, is Manuel's dream-version of the milkman's boy who had been rude to him. One can see at every turn Manuel's hopes and fears fulfilling themselves in his dream-world. Described with less imagination, one would find the whole thing unbearably painful and pathological; but M. Green, ably assisted by his translator, makes it a thrilling experience, worthy to stand beside the masterpieces of fantastic literature.

"Penang Appointment." Mr. Norman Collins's imagination does not soar and swoop like M. Green's, but it is sufficient for his purpose; it keeps us wondering which way the cat will jump, whether the powers of darkness, on the S.S. *Tusitala*, represented by Mr. Doyle and Mr. Brentano, will prove too much for Stephen MacFayden and Gratia, who are, by comparison, angels of light. No member of the quartette is, perhaps, very original and unusual, but there is subtlety of drawing in all four portraits. Brentano, red, fat, elderly, lecherous, concealing a propensity for blackmail under a hearty, what 's-your-drink-going-to-be manner; Doyle, also not averse from blackmail, but sly, furtive, and lachrymose; Gratia, his daughter, reserved, angular, suffering, a Turgenev heroine; MacFayden, an apparently hardened bachelor, surprised out of his egoism by his discovery of Gratia's unhappiness. There is plenty of intrigue and excitement, of checks and counter-checks, before the *Tusitala*, hitherto such a lucky boat, arrives at Penang. The reader's most lasting impression, perhaps, is pleasure at the deftness of Mr. Collins's craftsmanship. The situation is almost too complicated, too often modified and renewed, to let us give the characters the attention they deserve.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Dew on the Grass. By Eiluned Lewis. (*Lovat Dickson; 7s. 6d.*)
My Shadow as I Pass. By Sybil Bolitho. (*Secker; 7s. 6d.*)
The Dreamer. By Julian Green. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
Penang Appointment. By Norman Collins. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

MR. J. C. AKERMAN, Vice-Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers, presenting the Challenge Cup, at the "Sphere's" ninth Golf Competition, to BRIG.-GENERAL E. N. TANDY, who won it. The event was played out at Sunningdale. On the extreme left of the photograph are MR. C. SNELLING and (next to him) MR. A. HEPWORTH, who are directors of Illustrated Newspapers. Four-ball bogey foursomes played in the afternoon resulted in Mr. F. McGloin and Mr. P. H. Thomson being declared the winners; Mr. A. M. Burberry and Mr. R. Etherington taking prizes as runners-up.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—Another triumph for C. L. Anthony. Cast, acting, and production first-rate. Marie Ney, Flora Robson, Ian Hunter, Dorothy Hyson.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Savoy). 8.30.—Colin Keith-Johnston as the hero.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"MEN IN WHITE" (Lyric). 8.30.—Gripping drama with a hospital setting.

"ADMIRALS ALL" (Shaftesbury). 8.30.—Amphibious comedy, with Laura La Plante, Clive Currie, etc.

"VINTAGE WINE" (Daly's). 8.30.—Seymour Hicks in effervescence and deception. Claire Luce as his young wife, and Julia Neilson as his mother.

"FAMILY AFFAIRS" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—Family entanglements unravelled by Lilian Braithwaite, as a benevolent matriarch. The cast includes Athene Seyler and Jack Livesey.

"THE SHINING HOUR" (St. James's). 8.40.—Emotional drama in Yorkshire farmhouse. Acted with distinction by Raymond Massey, Gladys Cooper, Adrianne Allen.

"MURDER IN MAYFAIR" (Globe). 8.30.—Ivor Novello in his latest play; with Fay Compton, Edna Best, and Zena Dare.

"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Adelphi). 8.30.—Musical comedy with Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, etc.

"A MAN'S HOUSE" (New). 8.40.—John Drinkwater's play on a Jewish household at the coming of Christ. Well acted by Joyce Bland, Reginald Tate, etc.

"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.

"SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC" (Saville). 8.30.—Viola Tree, Reginald Purdell, and some crack dancers in a musical entertainment.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"BLOSSOM TIME" (Regal).—For the magic of Herr Tauber's voice and Schubert's immortal music.

"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—George Arliss at his best in the drama of the Rothschilds' rise to power.

"SING AS WE GO" (Plaza).—To Blackpool with Gracie Fields. A universal favourite in a story of adventure by J. B. Priestley.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"CLEOPATRA" (Carlton).—A visit to ancient Egypt with Cecil B. de Mille.

"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN" (London Pavilion).—Douglas Fairbanks as the great lover in Alexander Korda's elaborate production.

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Bruce: "As one canny Scot to another, I frankly didn't believe that such things could happen."

Duggie: "And equally frankly, I don't think they do!"

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